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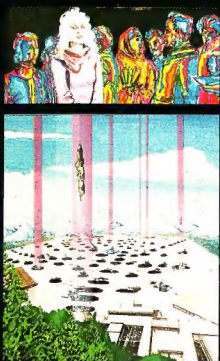
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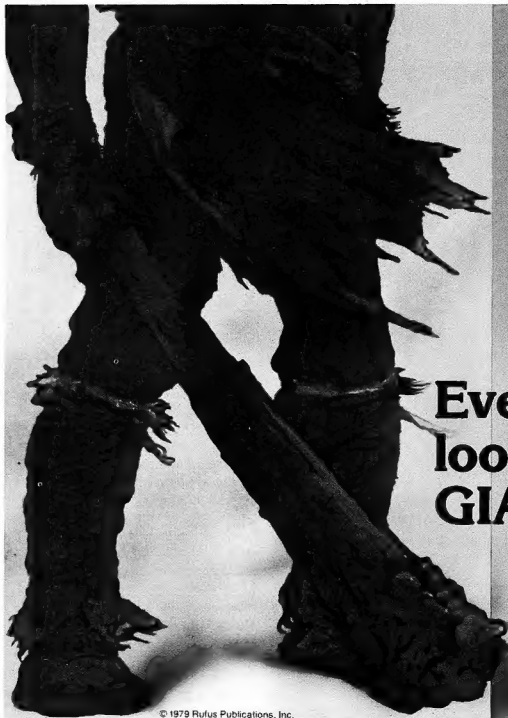
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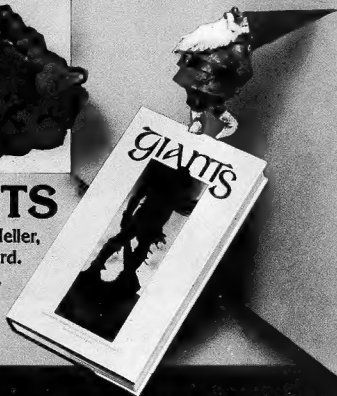


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...Thirty-three...

Illustration by Curtis King

Well, here it is again: That Season. The streets are (or soon will be) filling up with slush and shoppers frantic to find That Perfect Present for You Know Who, the merchants are all geared up for what they know is the month that will either make or break their year, the media are increasing the crescendo of their outpourings — records, movies, books — and the seasonal insanity is upon us once again.

Christmas.

Who are we to fly in the face of tradition? We've assembled some Xmas goodies for your heavy metal stocking — check them out: Harlan rings the changes on lovable ol' Santa in his inimitable Ellison way; the French, always at their most engaging at such a sentimental time as this, give us "After the Fall," "December 24th," "Slim Kentucky," and "A Tale of Christmas," the latter by the incomparable Moebius, taking a break from his Airtight Garage to celebrate the season. For those who recall the Gnomes of a couple seasons back, we've provided a visit with their poorer relations; and to keep up to date, we've sampled this season's follow-up to the Gnomes and Fairies — the Giants. To wrap up this package of Xmas gifts, Arthur Suydam gives us his "Christmas Carol."

But let's not get carried away here with seasonal joy. In a more secular mood, we've brought back Trina and we introduce Steve Stiles, both perhaps better known from the "underground" comix. And next month we unveil some brand-new surprises — what better way to celebrate the New Year?

The Eds.



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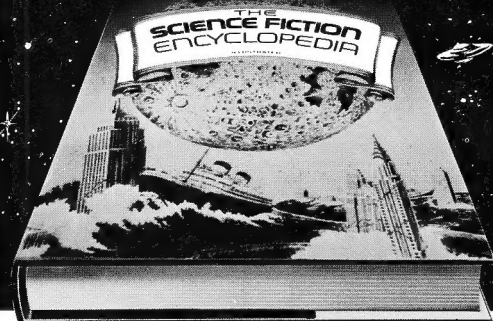
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Dear Chain Mail:

Your special H.P. Lovecraft issue was superb! Perfect for Halloween. It came as a complete surprise. I have enjoyed your magazine since the first issue, with some what mixed emotions, but I never dreamed you would come up with a Lovecraft issue. I love Lovecraft (no pun intended) and the adapted version of "The Dunwich Horror"

was magnificent!

Your editorial was a bit confusing, indicating that *HM's* American publishers do not share "Froggies" enthusiasm for HPL. ("Clumsy and overblown style"? Maybe, but who cares?) I don't know everything about him, though, so what is "Bombadil, *The Red Book*, and *Smaegol*"? I thought I had read all of his tales, and I can't recall the mention of any of them. (Azathoth is, of course, the blind, idiot god that "blasphemes and bubbles at the center of Infinity," a figure of speech for nuclear chaos.)

I especially enjoyed the excerpt from "The Cry of Cthulu." What a pity the rest won't be available for two years.

Bill Cox

Lawrenceville, Ga.

P.S.: The *Necronomicon* is not fictional. I

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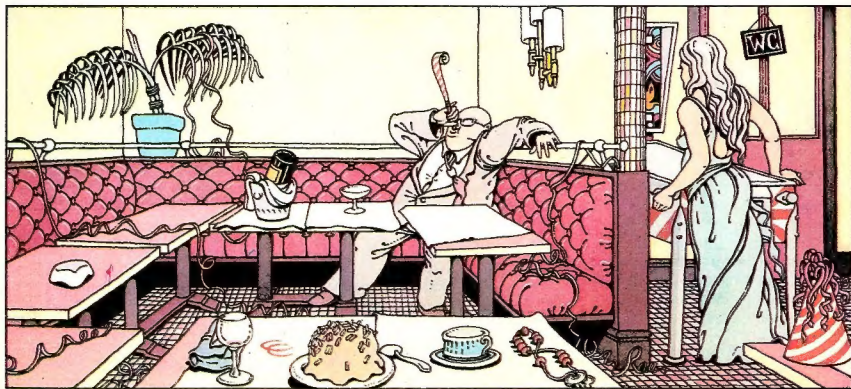
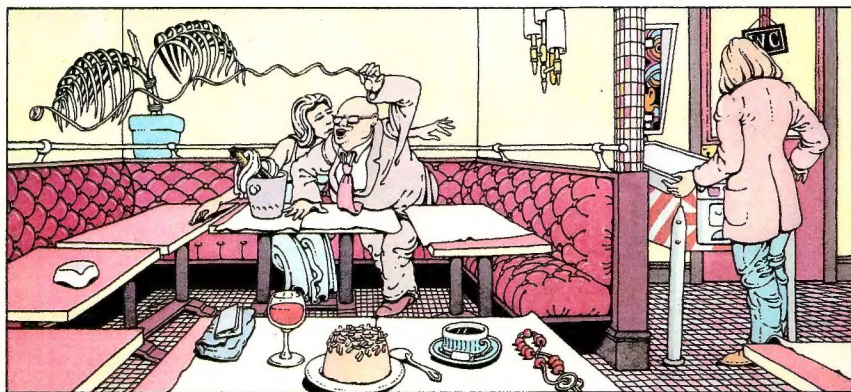
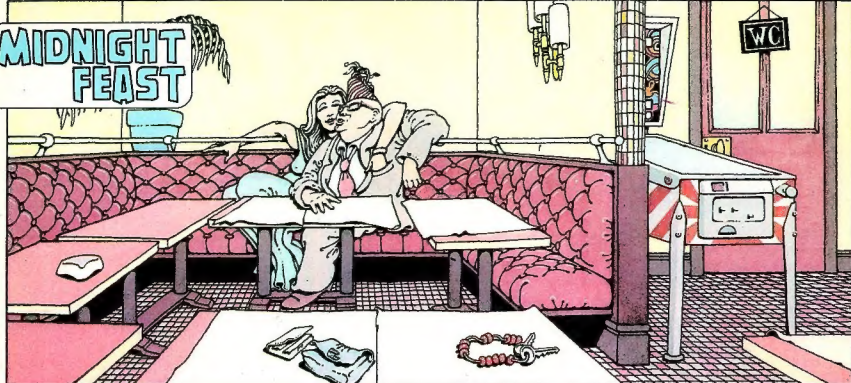
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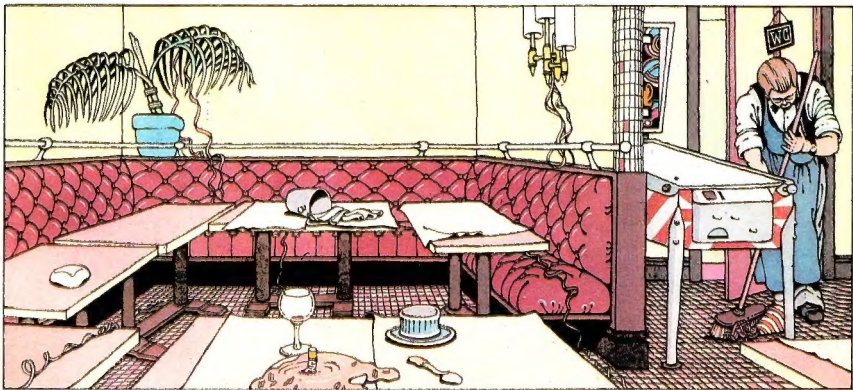
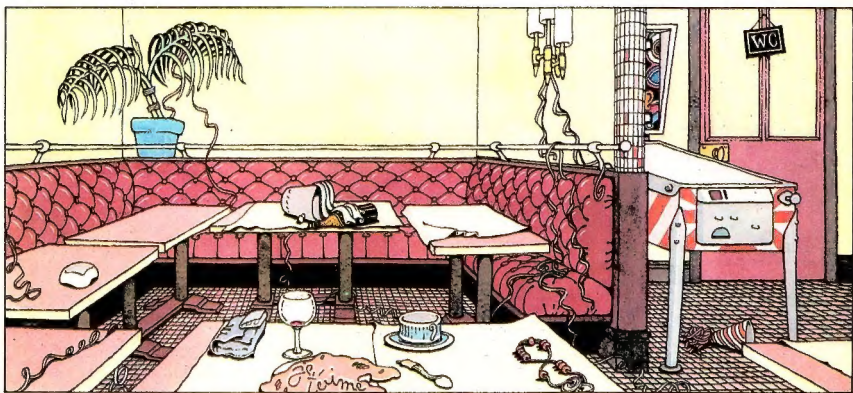
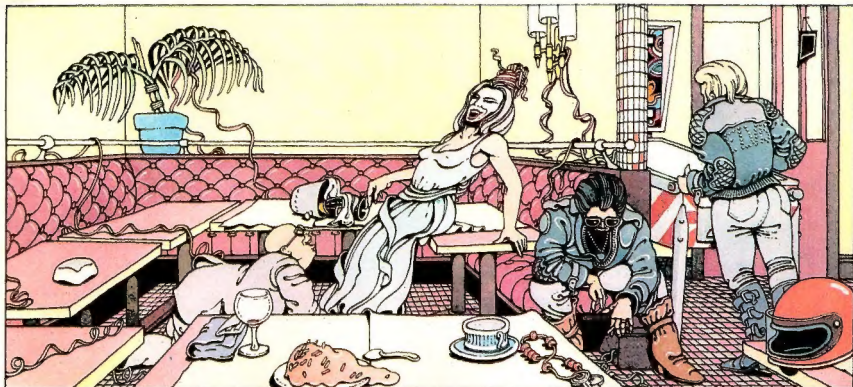
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MIDNIGHT FEAST





Steve Ditko

Combing out the kinks!

HOME SWEET HOME!



AMON WILL BE QUITE SURPRISED!

FOUR YEARS!



SON, THESE EGGS AFFECT YOUR CORTX... THE GOVERNMENT OUTLAWED THEM!

...ASS-HOLE!

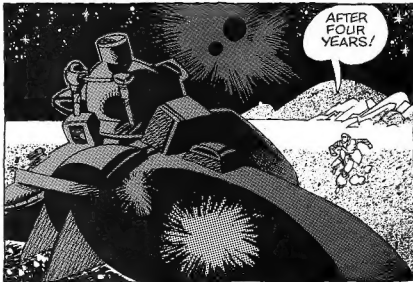


AMON, I KNOW I FAILED YOU AS A FATHER... BUT WHAT CAN I DO WITH A CREEP LIKE YOU?

NOW GIVE ME TEN!



AFTER FOUR YEARS!



AMON-- DRUGS!

GASP!



...ONCE IT WAS JJ-20; YOU SAID IT HELPED YOU UNDERSTAND JESUS BETTER...

IT BROKE YOUR MOTHER'S HEART WHEN YOU MARRIED A... JEW!

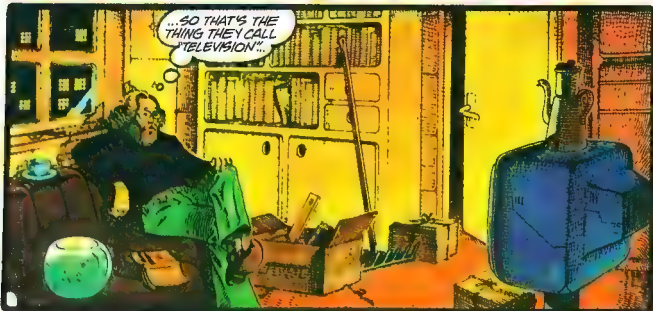
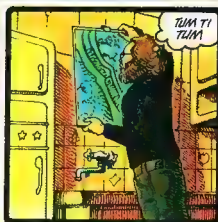
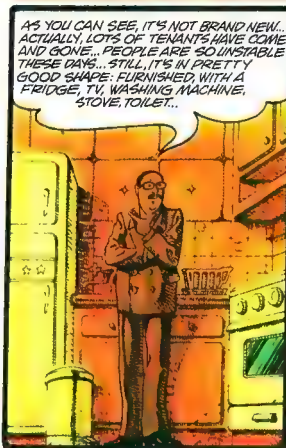
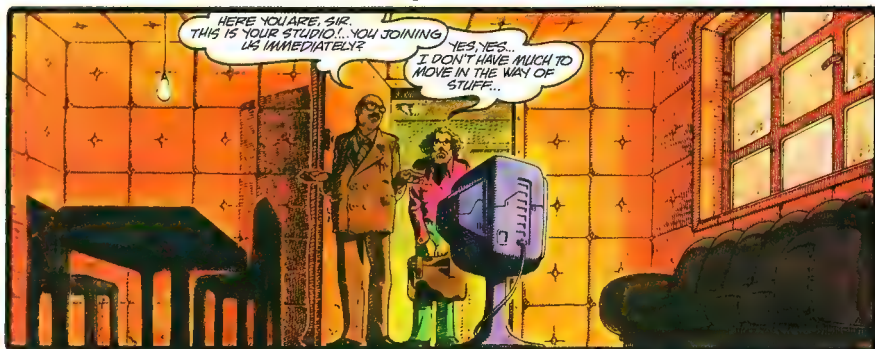


HEY, ASSHOLE SON! RELAX, SMILE! COME HERE AND HAVE A TOKE! TOMORROW WE'LL GO OUT AND SHOOT SOMETHING! IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME!

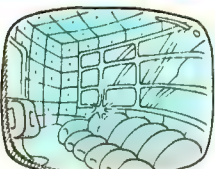
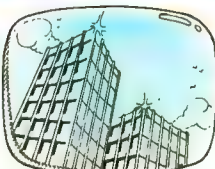
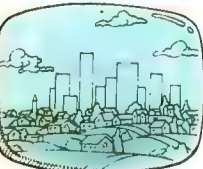
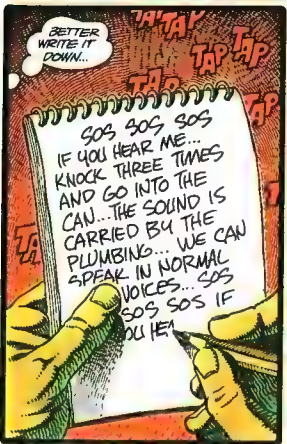
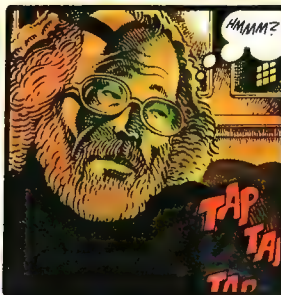


Suburban Scenes: Welcome to Cityville 2

by Caza



Good evening, consumers and consumeresses. Tonight on "News You Couldn't Live Without" we invite you to discover with us Cityville . . . Rufus Agnostyle, Junior reporting . . .

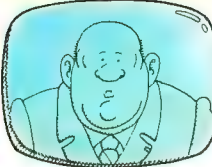
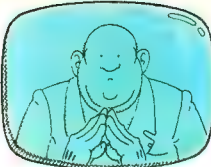
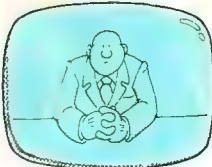


A few minutes to the south of center Cityville, a new city has grown up in the past few months: Cityville 2... on a piece of land once occupied by some farmers who clung to the soil and the past, and by some summer folk whose cottages were badly built...

and in poor taste... Now, elegant buildings stand there—glass, concrete, steel, tiles, sober lines, powerful, clean—a city without shadows... a city radiant in every sense of the word... Though seemingly translucent and shining as mirrors, these

buildings do not lack variety and intimacy inside, where apartments range in size from studios to five rooms—all carefully soundproofed so that each tenant can maintain his sense of independence and his own tastes. But Cityville 2 can claim to be

original on other grounds as well, for it was not created by some promoter but by the state itself, guided by the dynamic minister of social security, Mark Michaels. Mmmm... yes... For several years, as you know, Cityville has faced serious social problems, as have its suburbs...



You mean slums?...

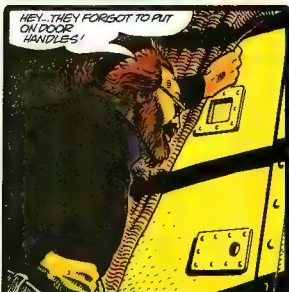
Yes, possibly. For some time now we have used all available means to rid our neighborhoods of these **cankers**, these **infectious sores**! Cityville 2, in particular, has addressed itself to the problem of relocating those dirty...mmm...uuuhh...

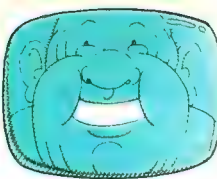
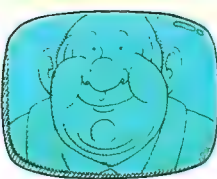
those unfortunate foreigners who come here to do the work that our own people find too alienating to do.

But that isn't CV 2's only objective, is it?

No, it certainly isn't. The issue, in the final analysis, is a much more serious problem: that of nonconformity in general. There are, in the real world, so many people—of all ages, from all walks of life—who fail to adapt. the aged, addicts,

hicks from the sticks, the handicapped, jazz musicians, homosexuals, antinuclear types, ecologists, pacifists, former convicts, psychiatrists, etc...





You're talking about those on the fringe, aren't you?

Yes, that's what they are! A very small minority, really! . . . They certainly are!

But one that is still worthy of consideration—yes, they need help being relocated in our society. . .

And so, that's why there's CV 2, Minister Michaels!

Ah, yes, there they find decent housing, hygienic conditions, and the comforts that all consumers have a right to: TV, incinerators, electrically-run kitchens, central heating. . .

And all the services and

institutions indispensable to urban life are within walking distance: banks, supermarkets, delis, banks, corner stores, banks, rehabilitation centers, banks, public baths. . . Are there showers in the apartments? . . .

.. Oh, no! Well what really matters in CV 2 is **security!**

Ah, yes! Tell us about security there, Mister Minister! I'm very pleased with it, I must say! . . . We have had **wonderful** results with it! . . .



...IT'S TRUE...THE DOOR WON'T OPEN...AND IT'S ARMOR-PLATED!... SO WE ARE PRISONERS, AREN'T WE?

JUST LIKE I SAID, BUDDY!



BUT... WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT? WE CAN'T JUST STAY HERE, WITHOUT EVEN TRYING...

WELL, I DUG A TUNNEL ONCE...



FROM THE SIXTH FLOOR? THAT MUST'VE BEEN PRETTY HARD!

YOU'RE TELLING ME! DIGGING THROUGH PRESTRESSED CONCRETE WITH A SPOON! DO YOU HAVE ANY TOOLS?



NO... WELL... A RAKE...

WHAT'S A RAKE?

...MMH... LISTEN...IT'S LATE...WE'LL TALK SOME MORE TO... HORROR...

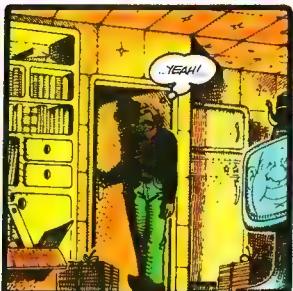


OK TELL TOMORROW!

SWOOSH!

OH, SORRY!

JUST A NATURAL RE-FLEX!



..YEAH!



PARANOID OR NOT...

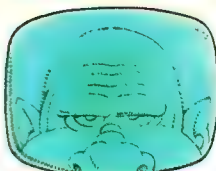


...THAT WINDOW HAS A HANDLE...AND IT'S NOT BARBED... WELL...

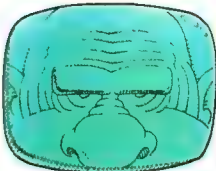
I FOR ONE...



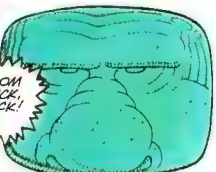
AM GETTING OUT!



Actually, it was a question of solving the problem of violence in the suburban setting. At night, rapists, escaped beasts, street gangs, car thieves, and hooligans ran rampant in the streets... It was of prime importance to

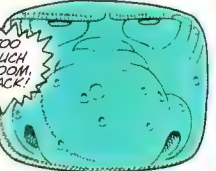


protect the pris...mmm...the...inmates...mmm...I mean the residents of Cityville 2. Yes, protect them from the various dangers looming about outside... That's why the pris...mmm...the city is surrounded by an iron wall fifty feet high,



ZOOM
BACK,
JACK!

around which runs a wire, not barbed, no, no... but electrified, yes... And then at the four corners of the city, there are... what would you call them? Watch towers... You know... with projectors... Do you mean observation towers?...



ZOO
MUCH
ZOOM,
JACK!

Yes! That's just the word I'm looking for... There's also a mine field 150 yards deep running around the circumference of the wall... And then, inside and out, day and night, patrols of armed vigilantes, accompanied by police dogs...

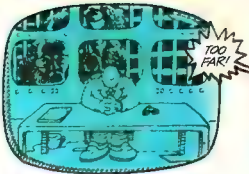


DON'T
MOVE!

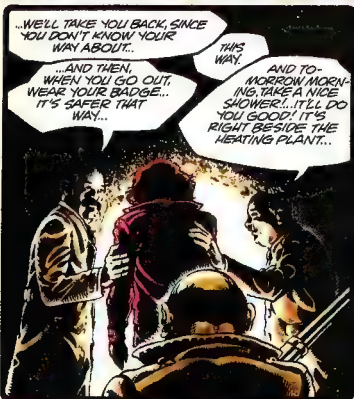
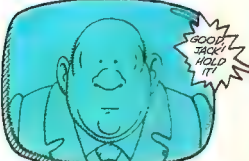
SHIT!



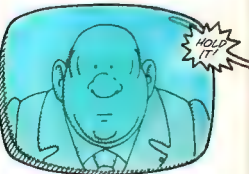
HEY...IT'S
THE NEW TEN-
ANT IN APART-
MENT 7!



So, if I understand clearly, people don't go out? No, of course they do! They go off to their jobs every day in central Cityville!... On the contrary, it's a very important aspect of their social reintegration! The state has created jobs in all areas for them



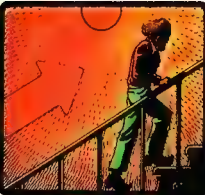
in cemeteries, salt mines, nuclear waste disposal, administrative jobs, duplicity agencies there's something for every type But isn't there some risk... of their not returning home at night?... of their leaving?

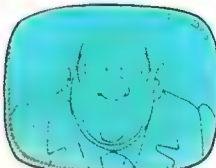
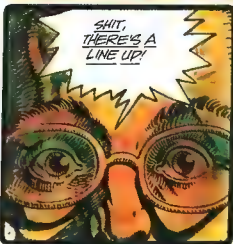


You know, the only exit from CV 2 leads to the station. All trains go to central Cityville, and there The streets the subway, you know how it forms a quadrangle!... It's not easy to escape in such a place!... espe-



cially if they are wearing their badges, you know: the two Vs (as in Cityville 2) embroidered on a yellow background... It can be seen from quite a distance!... They find themselves automatically heading toward the station, and then, they're back in Cityville 2!





And there they find the cozy security of their own homes, with all the modern conveniences, the TV, kitchen, public baths... What?.. Aren't there showers or baths in the apartments?..

No! There're **public baths**... That is, for economic reasons, the ovens...mmm...the furnaces in the heating plants are fed by the residents themselves!...I mean: their excrement...waste products of the

population. Indeed!.. Besides, that's why the gas...mmm...I mean, the public baths, ARE located next to the ovens... excuse me...the furnaces of the urban heating plant... So, Mr. Minister, is **that** the solution?

Yes, yes! I would say: **the final solution!** Thank you, Mark Michaels, cabinet minister—minister for social security. Thank you.

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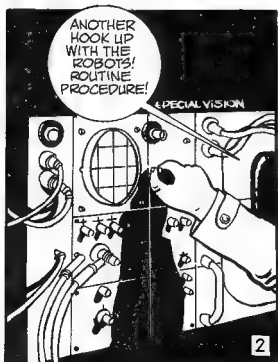
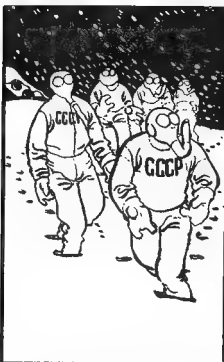
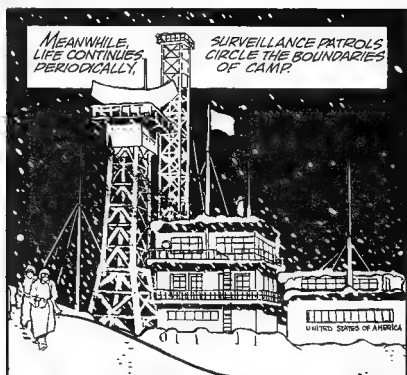
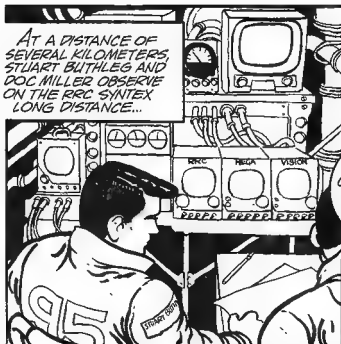
AFTER THE FALL

STORY AND ART: SERGE CLERC



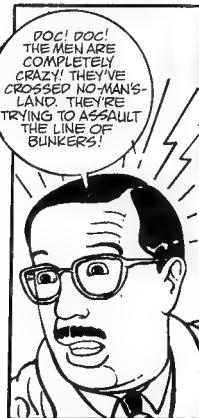
A RUSSIAN OUTPOST SOMEWHERE IN THE SNOWED IN DUNES TO THE SOUTH OF SMOLENSK. ALL HAS BEEN CALM FOR THREE DAYS. THERE'S NOTHING TO DO EXCEPT WATCH THE VIDEOTAPE'S OF COMRADE VLASSOV FROM THE LENINGRAD POLITICAL BUREAU.

AND RELAX IN THE SOLARIUM. SOMETIMES, A QUICK GLANCE INTO THE ROBOT CONTROL ROOM, AN EASY JOB.





THE DAYS
PASS THE
TENSION
SLOWLY
MOUNTS
AT THE
AMERICAN
POST...





OF COURSE
WE BROKE OR-
DERS! BUT THE
ROBOTS ARE
ALL UNDER
OUR CONTROL.

FORGET
ABOUT IT.
WHERE'S
KOWALSKIZ?

HAH!
WITH THE RUSS-
IAN WOMAN IN
THE SOLARIUM.
NOW YOU SEE
WHAT I'VE BEEN
TRYING TO TELL
YOU

YEAH,
LOOK WHO'S
PROMISING
US A
MERRY
CHRISTMAS.

KRAAAAAAAA

ART AND
STORY
SERGE
CLERC

NOV. 78

END

COMMUNICATION CONTROL, LENINGRAD, CONCERNING SMOLENSK REGULATION 60. SUCCESS OF THE
AUTODESTRUCTION PROGRAM OF ROBOT-POLL LILI TOPCHECK. PROBABLE EXTENSION INTO THE FRENCH
SECTOR REGULATION 50.

giants

Illustrated by
Julek Heller, Carolyn Scrase, and Juan
Wijngaard. Devised by David Larkin.

The following is
an excerpt from *Giants*, published this fall by Harry Abrams, Inc. Copyright ©
1979, Rulius Pub. Inc.



Traces

Rocks and boulders play an exceedingly important part in giant life. According to size (either that of the giant or the boulder), they were playthings, weapons, means of camouflage, seats, quoits, bowls, marbles, and, on a more mundane level, building materials. Remnants of giant activity of this sort are still to be seen, littered across the length and breadth of the British Isles as well as in innumerable other places in the world. Apart from all the known giant "remains" dotting the countryside, there is considerable evidence of giant presence for those observant enough to find it. Obviously, some knowledge of giant plays (such as self-camouflage) is useful to the would-be tracker.



Bodies

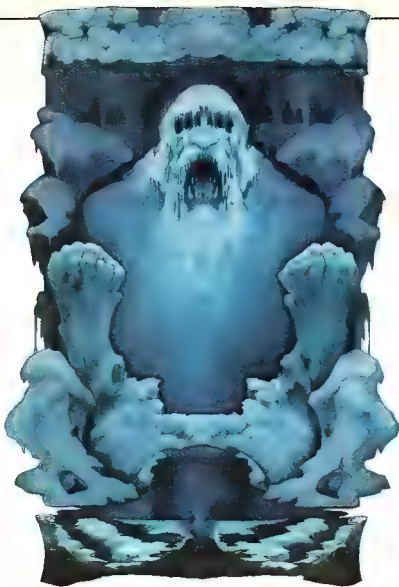
Giants are characterized by rather useful physical features. Their arms are disproportionately long, often reaching just below their knees. This not only aids balance but also enables giants to feel objects concealed by their protruding stomachs. The upper regions of their bodies are generally densely forested with hair, to aid survival in the damp swirling mists of the northern lowlands.



Clothing

The big men would tear holes along the edge of the fabric and thread a length of begged, borrowed, or stolen cord. Finally he would knot the ends together or loop them around the waist. This tunic style was often ornamented with a ripped hem or the addition of decoration such as a brightly hung clothesline or a wagon wheel. Warmth came from the animal fur draped cape style around the shoulders; and giants soon astutely noticed that multiple layers of clothing acted as excellent insulation against unfavorable weather conditions.





A Frost Giant



A Giant Pastime

Pilfering was a common pastime among the lazier giants. An unwary shepherd could only too easily—and too late—notice a huge arm popping out of a mountain cave to grab a sheep, cow, or tasty-looking man.

Far be it from me to stir all you somnolent suckers out of your fifties-style apathy, as you lie there fat and dulled from ten years of Twinkies and Pringles. Farrah's nipples and Burt Reynolds's car crashes, Gerry Ford's and Jimmy Carter's soft *hummming* stumble into stagflation. "Battlestar Ponderosa" and the video clone-children of "Gilligan's Island," getting your nostrils Teflon'd so you can snort greater quantities of coke without your snouts collapsing... Far be it from me to stir any uneasiness in you...but once again fulfilling my role as the Specter at the Banquet, I take pardonable pleasure in assuring you that you are *not safe*, li'l heavymetal babies.

They are still out there; and they still gonna getcha!

So now the heavymetal babies flip up the shades and scan the sunny streets. Who gonna git me? Who's this *They* ole man Ellison still viewhalloo'ing about?

C'mon, babies, you know who *They* are.

On this, the tenth anniversary of the first publication of "Santa Claus vs. S.P.I.D.E.R.," your journal of irrelevance and mine, good&true *Heavy Metal*, has deigned to jam a hot wire into that decade-dead literary treasure and give it one more galvanic twitch, just to remind you that Dow Chemical is now going under the name OPEC, that Ronnie Reagan may look like Dick Tracy's old nemesis Pruneface but he's still creeping toward the presidency, that porn publishers bought out the old *LA Free Press* and then managed to sink it, that Bob Dylan is only two years away from age forty and the new album is so tired even disco dreck sounds *fulla brio* by comparison, and *They* are out there waiting to double-team your asses.

This cunning conceit, Santa as James Bond, was written in the hellfire time just after King and Jack Kennedy got snuffed, Nixon was put in charge of the madhouse. NASA orbited the Moon. Jackie tied the knot with Onassis. North Korea captured the *Pueblo*, LBJ tossed in the towel. Sirhan bumped off Bobby, Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago issued shoot-on-sight orders to his silver-shield killers, poor folks founded Resurrection City in DC just to make the point that they were hungry, the Beatles were still making music, and Kubrick threw a good, hard fastball called *2001: A Space Odyssey* at every incipient dope fiend looking for a prearranged, all-expense-paid hegira to his/her "groovy space."

It was, in short, a hellfire time in American history during which a lot of ravening assholes like your Faithful Author thought the world was being changed.

But here it is, a mere ten later, and Nixon-Agnew (not to mention Chief Justice Warren E. Burger) have done their jobs so well that the great sleeping wad of American Humanity barely twitched as it was taught a lesson in pocketpicking by the oil companies, at something like \$1 10 the gallon.

So here comes Santa again, both guns blazing, to remind you (with some maliciousness on our part) that even though Humphrey, Johnson, and Daley are worm food, even though Spiro is out there making money instead of bad alliteration, even though George Wallace got his balls shot off, even though crazy bugfuck Lester Maddox has returned to his true calling—deep-fry pig fat or whatever—even though Reagan and Nixon seem more lamentable than loaded-for-bear...even though all the former Attila rippers have been ostensibly defused or planted...even so, as Tom Jefferson is credited with saying (though John Philpot Curran, 1750-1817, said it first), eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

Thus, all you darlin' snoozing heavymetal babies, though you think some kinda kosher Zorro is going to emerge from the dustheaps of MIDDLE-AMERICA, or maybe the NFL, whose sole purpose in this eternity is to rescue your humble selves from The Forces of Ee-vil, let me assure you—as Zapata assured the *peons*, if we are to believe the screenplay by Steinbeck out of Kazan from the mouth of Brando—you've only got yourselves to rely on. And half-awake as you are, ain't gonna be no heavy cranking for the footpads to sneak up on you and slit your throats. You simply have *got* to smarten up and remember that one cannot see the real world all that well through the bottom of a glass of Coors.

Having delivered the Xmas message, and leaving you with Kris Kringle to bolt it down, I will now return to my labors, causing as much trouble as possible, foursquare for chaos and anarchy.

Hoping you are the same,

Harlan Ellison
Christmas, 1979

SANTA '79

An

Introductory Update a Decade Later



Gahanti Wilson

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SANTA CLAUS VS. S.P.I.D.E.R.

By Harlan Ellison



It was half-past September when the red phone rang. Kris moved away from the warm and plant form into which he had been folded, belly to back, and rubbed a hand across sticky eyes. The phone rang again. He could not make out the time on the luminous dial of his wristwatch. "What is it, honey?" mumbled the blond woman beside him. The phone rang a third time. "Nothing, baby . . . go back to sleep," he soothed her. She burrowed deeper under the covers as he reached for the receiver, plucking it out of the cradle in the middle of a fourth imperative.

"Yeah?" His mouth tasted unhappy. A voice on the other end said, "The King of Canaan needs your service."

Kris sat up. "Wait a minute, I'll take it on the extension." He thumbed the HOLD button, slipped out of the bed even as he racked the receiver and, naked, padded across the immense bedroom in the dark. He found his way through the hall and into the front office, adjusting his passage only by the barest touch of fingertips to walls. He pulled the bronze testimonial plaque from the little people away from the wall, spun the dial on the wall safe, and pulled it open. The red phone with its complex scrambler attachment lurked in the circular opening.

He punched out code on the scrambler, lifted the receiver, and said, "The king fears the devil, and the devil fears the Cross." Code and counter-code.

"Kris, it's S.P.I.D.E.R.," said the voice on the other end.

"Shit!" he hissed. "Where?"

"The States. Alabama, California, D.C., Texas . . ."

"Serious?"

"Serious enough to wake you?"

"Right, right. Sorry. I'm still half-asleep. What time is it?"

"Half-past September."

Kris ran a hand through his thick hair. "Nobody any closer for this one?"

"Belly Button was handling it."

"Yeah . . . and . . . ?"

"He floated to the top off the coast of Galveston. He must have been in the Gulf for almost a week. They packed plastic charges on his inner thighs . . ."

"Okay, don't describe it. I'm mad enough at being shook out of sleep. Is there a dossier?"

"Waiting for you at Hilltop."

"I'll be there in six hours."

He racked the receiver, slammed the safe port, and spun the dial. He showed the plaque back in place on the wall and stood with his balled fist lying against the bronze. Faint light from a fluorescent, left burning over one of the little people's drafting tables, caught his tensed features. The hard, mirthless lines of his face were the work of a Giacometti. The eyes were gun-metal blue and flat, as though unseeing. The faintly cruel mouth was thinned to an incision. He drew a deep breath and the muscle-corded body drew up with purpose.

Then, reaching over to his desk, he opened a drawer and rang three times, sharply, on a concealed button set into the underside of a drawer. Down below, in the labyrinth, PoPo would be plunging out of his cocoon, pulling on his loincloth and earrings, tapping out the code to fill the egress chamber with water.

"Peace on Earth . . ." Kris murmured, starting back for the bedroom and his wet suit.



PoPo was waiting in the grotto, standing on a let-down shelf beside the air tanks. Kris nodded to the little one and turned his back. PoPo helped him into his rig, and when Kris had cleared the mouthpiece, adjusted the oxygen mixture "Keeble keeble?" PoPo inquired.

"Sounds like it," Kris replied. He wanted to be on his way.

"Drill-dill neat peemee," PoPo said.

"Thanks. I'll need it." He moved quickly to the egress chamber, which had been filled and emptied. He undugged the wheel and swung the port open. A few trickles of Arctic water hit the basalt floor. He turned. "Keep the toy plant going. And look into that problem on tier 9 with CorLo. I'll be back in time for the holidays."

He put one foot over the sill, then turned and added, "If everything goes okay."

"Weebie zexfunt," said PoPo.

"Yeah, no war toys to you, too." He stepped inside the egress chamber, spun the wheel hard to dig it, and signaled through the lucite port. PoPo filled the chamber and Kris blew himself out.

The water was black and sub-zero. The homing light on the sub was his only comfort. He made it to the steel fish quickly, and within minutes was on his way. Once he had passed the outer extreme of the floe, he surfaced, converted to airborne, blew the tanks that extruded the pontoons, and taxied for a takeoff. Aloft, he made ramjet velocity and converted again.

Three hundred miles behind him, somewhere below the Arctic Ocean, PoPo was rousing CorLo from his cocoon and chiding the hell out of him for putting European threading on all the roller skates, thereby making all the American keys useless.



Hilltop was inside a mountain in Colorado. The peak of the mountain swung open, allowing Kris's VTOL (the sub, in its third conversion) to drop down onto the target pad.

He went quickly to the secret place.

The Taskmaster was waiting for him with the dossier. Kris flipped it rapidly: edictic memory.

"S.P.I.D.E.R. again," he said softly. Then, with an inquiring tone, "It means

Society for
Pollution,
Infection and
Destruction of
Earthmen's
Resources

is that it?" The Taskmaster shook his head. Kris mmmmed. "Well, what are they up to this time? I thought we'd put them out of commission after that anthrax business in the Valley of the Winds."

The Taskmaster tilted back in his plastic chair.

The multifaceted eyeball-globes around the room picked up pinpoints of brilliance from the chair and cast them over the walls in a subtle light show. "It's as you read there. They've taken over the minds of those eight. What they intend to do with them, as puppets, we have no idea."

Kris scanned the list again. "Reagan, Johnson, Nixon, Humphrey, Daley, Wallace, Maddox, and—who's this last one?—Spiro Agnew?"

"Doesn't matter. We can usually keep them out of trouble, keep them from hurting themselves . . . but since S.P.I.D.E.R. got into them, they've been running amuck."

"I've never even heard of most of these."

"How the hell could you, up there, making toys."

"It's the best cover I've ever had."

"So don't get crabby, just because you never see a newspaper. Take my word for it: these are the names this season."

"Whatever happened to that whatwashisname . . . Wilkie?"

"Didn't pan out."

"S.P.I.D.E.R.," Kris said again. "Does it stand for

Special
Politburo
Intent on
Destroying
Everybody's
Race

?" The Taskmaster shook his head again, a bit wearily.

Kris rose and shook the Taskmaster's hand. "From the dossier, I suggest the best end for starting is with this Daley, in Chicago."

The Taskmaster nodded approval. "That's what COMPGod said, too. You'd better stop down and see the Armorer before you leave. He's batched-up a few new surprises for you."

"Will I be working that dumb red suit again?"

"As a spare, probably. It's a little early for the red suit."

"What time is it?"

"Half-past September."



When Kris emerged from the dropshaft, Miss Seven-Seventeen's eyes grew round. He came toward her, with the easy, muscled stride that set him so far apart from the rest of the agents. (Most of them were little more than pudgy file clerks; where had she ever gotten the idea that espionage was a line of work best suited to Adomeses? Surely from the endless stream of bad spy novels that had glutted the newsstands, what a shock when she had discovered that pinching the trigeminal nerve to cause excruciating pain, or overpowering an enemy by cupping both hands and slapping both of his ears simultaneously were tactics as easily employed by men who resembled augs, as by beefcake contest winners. Tactics equally as effective when struck by gobbets of mud as by Rodin statues.) But Kris . . .

He came up to her desk and stared down silently until she dropped her eyes. Then, "Hello, Chan."

She could not look at him. It was too painful. The Bahamas. That night. The gibbous moon hanging above them like an all-watching eye as the night winds played a wild accompaniment counterpoint to their insensate passion, the lunatic surf breaking around them on the silver sands. The

The waiting. The report from upstairs that he had been lost in Tibet. She could handle none of it . . . now . . . with him standing there

a thick, white scar across the breastbone, now hidden by his shirt, but known to her nonetheless; a scar made by Tibor Kaszlov's saber . . . She knew every inch of his flesh . . . and she could not answer "Well, answer, stupid!" he said

He seemed to understand. She spoke into the intercom, "Kris is here, sir" The red light flashed on her board, and without looking up she said, "The Armorer will see you now"

He strode past her, seemingly intent on walking into the stone wall. At the last possible instant it slid back smoothly and he disappeared into the Armorer's workshop. The wall slid back and Seven-Seventeen suddenly realized she had been fisting so tightly that her lacquered nails had drawn blood from her palm.

The Armorer was a thickset, bluff man given to tweeds and pipes. His jackets were made specially for him on Savile Row, with many pockets, to hold the infinitude of gadgets and pipe tools he constantly carried.

"Kris, good to see you." He took the agent's hand and pumped it effusively. "Mmm. Harris tweed?"

"No, as a matter of fact it's one of those miracle fibers," Kris replied, turning smoothly to show the center vent, depressed waist, Edwardian-styled, patch pocket jacket. "Something my man in Hong Kong whipped up. Like it?"

"Elegant," the Armorer said. "But we aren't here to discuss each other's sartorial elegance, are we?"

They had a small mutual laugh at that. Divided evenly, it took less than ten seconds. "Step over here," the Armorer said, moving toward a wall rack where several gadgets were displayed on pegboard. "I think you'll find these most intriguing."

"I thought I wasn't supposed to use the red suit this time," Kris said tartly. The red suit was hung neatly on a teakwood valet near the wall. The Armorer turned and gave him a surprised look. "Oh? Who told you that?" Kris touched the suit, fingered it absently. "The Taskmaster." The Armorer's mouth drew down in a frown. He pulled a pipe from a jacket pocket and thrust it between his lips. It was a Sasieni Fantail with an apple bowl shape, seriously in need of a carbon-cake scraping. "Well, let us just say the Taskmaster occasionally fails to follow his own lines of communication." He was obviously distressed, but Kris was in no mood to become embroiled in interoffice politics.

"Show me what you've got."

The Armorer pulled a small penlight shaped gadget off one of the pegboards. There was a clip on its upper end for attaching to a shirt pocket. "Proud of this one. I call it my deadly nightshade." He lit the pipe with a Consul button lighter, turning up the flame till it was blue, just right for soldering.

Kris took the penlight-shaped gadget and turned it over and over. "Neat. Very compact." The Armorer looked like a man who has just bought a new car, about to ask a neighbor to guess how much he had paid for it. "Ask me what it does."

"What does it do?" "Spreads darkness for a radius of two miles." "Great."

"No, really. I mean it. Just twist the clip to the right—no, no, don't do it now, for Christ's sake! You'll blot out all of Hilltop—when you get in a spot, and you need an escape, just twist that clip and *pfzzzz* you've got all the cover you need for an escape." The Armorer blew a dense cloud of pipe smoke: it was Murray's Ennmore Mixture, very aromatic.

Kris kept looking at the suit. "What's new with

that?"

The Armorer pointed with the stem of the pipe. It was a mannerism. "Well, you've got the usual stuff: the rockets, the jet-pack, the napalm, the mace and the Mace, the throwing knives, the high-pressure hoses, the boot-spikes, the .30 calibre machine guns, the acid, the flammable beard, the stomach slit inflates into a raft, the flamethrower, the plastic explosives, the red rubber nose grenade, the belt tool kit, the boomerang, the bolo, the bolas, the machete, the derringer, the belt buckle time bomb, the lockpick equipment, the scuba gear, the camera and Xerox attachment in the hips, the steel mittens with the extensible hooks, the gas mask, the poison gas, the shark repellent, the Sterno stove, the survival rations, and the microfilm library of one hundred great books."

Kris fingered the suit again. "Heavy." "But in addition," the Armorer said happily, "this time we've really extended ourselves down here in Armor—"

"You're doing a helluva job."

"Thanks, sincerely, Kris."

"No, I mean, *really*!"

"Yes, well. In addition, this time the suit has been fully automated, and when you depress this third button on the jacket, the entire suit becomes inflatable, airborne, and seals for high-level flight."

Kris pulled a sour face "If I ever fall over I'll be like a turtle on its back"

The Armorer gave Kris a jab of camaraderie, high on the left bicep. "You're a great kiddie, Kris." He pointed to the boots. "Gyroscopes. Keep you level at all times. You *can't* fall over"

"I'm a great kiddie. What else have you got for me?"

The Armorer stepped to the pegboard and pulled off an automatic pistol. "Try this."

He depressed a button on the control console and the east wall of the Armory dropped, revealing a firing range behind it. Silhouette targets were lined up at the far end of the tunnel.

"What happened to my Wembley?" Kris asked

"Too bulky. Too unreliable. Latest thing you're holding, a Lassiter-Krupp laser explosive. Sensational!"

Kris turned, showing his thinnest side to the mute silhouettes. He extended and locked his right arm, bracing it with left hand around right wrist, and squeezed the trigger. A beam of light and a sibilant hiss erupted from the muzzle of the weapon. At the same instant, down the tunnel, all ten of the silhouettes vanished in a burst of blinding light. Shrapnel and bits of stone wall ncocheted back and forth in the tunnel. The sound of their destruction was deafening.

"Jesus God in Heaven," Kris murmured, turning back to the Armorer, who was now only removing the glare-blast goggles. "Why didn't you warn me about this stupid thing! I can't use one of these. . . I have to be surreptitious, circumspect, unnoticed. This bloody thing would be fine to level Gibraltar, but it's ridiculous for hand-to-hand combat. Here, take it!"

He thrust the weapon at the Armorer

"Ingrate!"

"Give me my Wembley, you lunatic!"

"Take it, it's there on the wall, you shortsighted slave of the Establishment!"

Kris grabbed the automatic and the deadly nightshade. "Send the suit care of my contact in Montgomery, Alabama," he said, hurrying toward the door.

"Maybe I will, and maybe I won't, you moron!" Kris stopped and turned. "Listen, man, dammit, I can't stand here and argue with you about firepower. I've got to save the world!"

"Melodrama! Lou! Reactionary!"

"Cranky bastard! And I hate your damned blunderbuss, that's what . . . I hate the stupid loud thing!"

He reached the wall, which slid back, and dashed

through Just before it closed completely, the Armorer threw down his pipe, smashed it with his foot, and screamed, "And I hate that faggy jacket of yours!"

☞ V ☞

Chicago, from the Shore Drive, looked like one immense burning garbage dump. They were noting again on the South Side. And from the direction of Evanston and Skokie could be seen twin spiraling arms of thick, black smoke. In Evanston the DAR was looting and burning; in Skokie the DAR had joined with the women of the WCTU from Evanston, and the offices of a paperback pornographer were being razed. The city was going insane.

Kris drove the rental birdcage Maserati into Ohio Street, turned right onto the underground ramp of the motel, and let the attendant take it. Carrying only his attache case, he made for the fire exit leading up to the first floor of the motel. Once inside the starwell, however, he turned to the blank wall, used his sonic signaler, and the wall pivoted open. He hurried inside, closed the wall, and threw the attache case onto the double bed. The WAITING light was glowing on the closed circuit television. He flicked the set on, stood in front of the camera, and was pleased to see that his Chicago contact, Freya, was wearing her hair long again.

"Hello, Ten-Nineteen," he said

"Hello, Kris. Welcome to the Windy City"

"You've got big troubles."

"How soon do you want to start? I've got Daley pinpointed."

"How soon can I get to him?"

"Tonight."

"Soon enough. What are you doing at the moment?"

"Not much"

"Where are you?"

"Down the hall"

"Come on over."

"In the afternoon?"

"A healthy mind in a healthy body."

"See you in ten minutes."

"Wear the *Réplique*."

☞ VI ☞

Dressed entirely in black, the Wembley in an upside-down breakaway rig, its butt just protruding from his left armpit, Kris pulled himself across the open space between the electrified fence and the dark, squat powerhouse, his arms and legs crablike in the traditional infantryman's crawl.

Inside that building, Daley had been pinpointed by Ten-Nineteen's tracking equipment. He had been there for almost two days, even through the riots.

Kris had asked Freya what he was up to, there in the powerhouse. She had not known. The entire building was damped, impenetrable to any sensors she had employed. But it was S.P.I.D.E.R. business, whatever it was—that had to be for dead certain. For a man in his position to be closeted away like that, while his city went up in flames—that had to be for dead certain.

Kris reached the base of the powerhouse. He slid along its face till he could see the blacked-over windows of the el above him. They were nearly a foot over his head. No purchase for climbing. He had to pull a smash&grab. He drew three deep breaths, broke the Wembley out of its packet, and pulled the tape wound round the butt. It came loose, and he taped the weapon into his hand. Then three more deep breaths. Digging hard he dashed away from the building, thirty feet into the open, sucked in breath again, spun, and dashed back for the powerhouse. Almost at the face of the building

he bent deeply from the knees, pushed off, and crossed his arms over his head as he smashed full into the window.

Then he was through, arching into the powerhouse, performing a tight somersault and coming down with knees still bent, absorbing the impact up through his hips. Glass tinkled all around him, his blacksuit was ripped raggedly down across the chest. His right arm came out, straight, the Wembley extended.

Light suddenly flooded the powerhouse Kris caught the scene in one total impression, everything.

Daley was hunched over an intricate clockwork mechanism, set high on a podiumlike structure at the far end of the room. Black light equipment throughout the room still glowed an evil rotting purple. Three men, wearing skintight outfits of pale green, were starting toward him, pulling off black light goggles. A fourth man still had his hand on the knife switch that had turned on the interior lights. There was more.

Kris saw great serpentine connections running from Daley's clockwork mechanism, snaking across the floor to hookups on the walls. A blower system, immense and bulky, dominated one entire wall. Vats of some bubbling dark substance, almost like liquid smoke, ranked behind the podium. "Stop him!" Daley screamed.

Kris had only a moment as the three men in green came for him. And in that instant he chose to firm his resolve for what was certainly to come. He always had this instant, on every assignment, and he had to prove to himself that it was right, what he must do, however brutal. He chose, in that instant, to look at Daley; and his resolve was firmed more eloquently than he could have hoped. This was an evil old man. What might have been generous old eyes in another man had been cemented into lines of unspeakable ugliness. This man was evil incarnate. Totally owned by S.P.I.D.E.R.

The three green men lumbered forward. Big men, heavily muscled, faces dulled with malice. Kris fired. He took the first one in the stomach, spinning him back and around into one of his companions who tried to sidestep but went down in a twist of arms and legs as the first green man died. Kris pumped three shots into the tangle and the arms and legs ceased moving, save for an occasional quiver. The third man broke sidewise and tried to tackle Kris. He pulled back a step and shot him in the face. The green man went limp as a Raggedy Andy doll and settled comically onto his knees, then tumbled forward onto the meat that had been his head.

As though what had happened to his companions meant nothing to the fourth man, he stretched both arms out before him - zombie-like—and stumbled toward Kris. The agent disposed of him with one shot.

Then he turned for Daley.

The man was raising a deadly-looking hand weapon with a needle muzzle. Kris threw himself flat-out to the side. It was only empty space that Daley's weapon burned with its beam of sizzling crimson energy. Kris rolled and rolled and rolled, right up to the blower system. Then he was up, had the Wembley leveled, and yelled, "Don't make me do it, Daley!"

The weapon in the hand tracked, came to rest on Kris, and the agent fired at that moment. The needle-nosed weapon shattered under the impact of the steel-jacketed round, and Daley fell backward off the podium.

Kris was on him in a moment.

He had him up on his feet, thrust against the podium, and a two-fingered paralyzer applied to a pressure point in the clavial depression before Daley could regain himself. Daley's mouth dropped open with the pain, but he could not speak. Kris hauled him up on the podium, a bit more roughly than was

necessary, and threw him down at the foot of the clockwork mechanism.

It was incredibly complex, with timers and chronographs hooked in somehow between the vats of bubbling smoke and the blower system on the wall. Kris was absorbed in trying to understand precisely what the equipment did, when he heard the sigh at his feet. He glanced down just in time to see something so hideous, he could not look at it straight on, emerge from Daley's right ear, slither and scuttle onto the floor of the podium, and then explode in a black puff of soot and filth. When Kris looked again, all that remained was a dusty smear; what might be left if a child set fire to a heap of powdered magnesium and potassium nitrate.

Daley stirred. He rolled over on his back and lay gasping. Then he tried to sit up. Kris knelt and helped him to a sitting position.

"Oh, my God, my God," Daley mumbled, shaking his head as if to clear it. The evil was gone from his face. Now he was little less than a kindly old gentleman who had been sick for a very very long time. "Thank you, whoever you are. Thank you."

Kris helped Daley to his feet, and the old man leaned against the clockwork mechanism.

"They took me over . . . years ago," he said. "S.P.I.D.E.R., eh?" Kris said.

"Yes. Slipped inside my head, inside my mind. Evil. Totally evil. Oh, God, it was awful. The things I've done. The rotten, unconscionable things! I'm so ashamed. I have so much to atone for."

"Not you, Your Honor," said Kris. "S.P.I.D.E.R. They're the ones who'll pay. Even as this one did."

The black slop.

"No, no, no . . . me! I did all those terrible things, now I have to clean it all up. I'll tear down the South Side slums, the Back o' the Yards squalor. I'll hire the best city planners to make living space for all those black people I ignored, that I used shamefully for my own political needs. Not soulless high rises wherein people stifle and lose their dignity, but decent communities filled with light and laughter. And I'll free the Polacks! And all the machine politics I used, to assign contracts to inadequate builders. . . . I'll tear down all those unsafe buildings and have them done right. I'll disband the secret gestapo I've been gathering all these years, and hire only those men who can pass a stringent police exam that will take into account how much humanitarianism they have in them. I'll landscape everything so this city will be beautiful. And then I'll have to give myself up for trial. I hope I don't get more than fifty years. I'm not that young anymore."

Kris sucked on a tooth reflectively. "Don't get carried away, Your Honor."

Then he indicated the clockwork machine.

"What was this all about?"

Daley looked at the machine with loathing. "We'll have to destroy it. This was my part of the eight-point plan. S.P.I.D.E.R. put into operation twenty-four years ago, to . . ."

He stumbled to a halt; a confused, perplexed look spread over his kindly features. He bit his lower lip.

"Yes, go on," Kris urged him, "to do what?"

What's S.P.I.D.E.R.'s master plan? What is their goal?"

Daley spread his hands. "I—I don't know."

"Then tell me . . . who are they? Where do they come from? We've battled them for years, but we have no more idea of who they are than when we started. They always self-destruct themselves like that one—" he nodded toward the sooty smear on the podium, "—and we haven't been able to capture one. In fact, you're the first pawn of theirs that we've ever captured alive."

Daley kept nodding all through Kris's unnecessary explanation. When the agent was finished, he shrugged. "All I remember—whatever it was in my head there, it seems to have kept me blocked off from learning anything very much—all I remember is that they're from another planet."

"Aliens?" Kris almost shouted, instantly grasping what Daley had said. "An eight-point plan. The other seven names on the list, and yourself. Each of you taking one phase of a master plan whose purpose we do not as yet understand."

Daley looked at him. "You have a genuine gift for stating the obvious."

"I like to synthesize things."

"Amalgamate."

"What?"

"Nothing. Forget it. Go on."

Kris looked confused. "No, as a matter of fact, you go on. Tell me what this equipment here was supposed to do."

"It's still doing it. We haven't shut it off."

Kris looked alarmed. "How do we shut it off?"

"Push that button."

Kris pushed the button, and almost immediately the vats stopped bubbling, the smoke-like substance in the vats subsided, the blowers ceased blowing, the clockwork machine slowed and stopped, the cuckoo turned blue and died, the hoses flattened, the room became silent. "What did it do?" Kris asked.

"It created and sowed smog in the atmosphere."

"You're kidding."

"I'm not kidding. You don't really think smog comes from factories and cars and cigarettes, do you? It cost S.P.I.D.E.R. a fortune to dummy up reports and put on a publicity campaign that it was cars and suchlike. In actuality, I've been spreading smog into the atmosphere for twenty-four years."

"Soonfagun," Kris said, with awe. Then he paused, looked cagey, and asked, "Tell me, since we now know that S.P.I.D.E.R. are aliens from outer space, does it mean

Scabrous.
Predatory
Invaders
Determined to
Eliminate
Rationality?"

Daley stared at him. "Don't ask me, no one tells me anything."

Then he jumped down off the podium and started for the door to the powerhouse. Kris looked after him, then picked up a crowbar, and set about destroying the smog machine. When he had finished, sweating, and surrounded by crushed and twisted wreckage, he looked up to see Daley standing by the open door leading outside.

"Something I can do for you?" he asked.

Daley smiled wistfully. "No. Just watching. Now that I'm a nice fella again, I wanted to see my last example of random, brutal violence. It's going to be so quiet in Chicago."

"Tough it out, baby," Kris said, with feeling.

~*~ VII ~*~

The eight-point plan seemed to tie together in Alabama. Wallace. But Wallace was off campaigning for something or other, and apparently the eight-point plan needed his special touch (filtered through the even gentler touch of a S.P.I.D.E.R. operative, inside his head) to be tied together. Kris decided to save Wallace for the last. Time was important, but Freya was covering for Daley and the death of the smog machine in Chicago, and frankly, time be hanged! This looked like the last showdown with S.P.I.D.E.R., so Kris informed Hiltop he was going to track down and eradicate the remaining seven points of the plan, with Wallace coming under his attention around Christmastime. It would press Kris close, but he was sure PoPo was on the job at the factory; and what had to be done . . . had to be done. It was going to be anything but easy. He thought wistfully of his Arctic home, the happily buzzing toy factory, the way Blitzten, particularly, nuzzled his palm when he brought the sugar cubes drenched in LSD, and the way the little mothers flew when they got loaded.

Then he pulled his thoughts away from happier

climates, setting out to wreck S.P.I.D.E.R. He took the remaining seven in order . . .

VIII

REAGAN: CAMARILLO, CALIFORNIA

Having closed down all the state mental institutions on the unassailable theory that nobody was really in need of psychiatric attention ("It's all in their heads!" Reagan had said at a \$500-a-plate American Legion dinner only six months earlier), Kris found him in the men's toilet on the first floor of the abandoned Camarillo state facility, combing his pompadour.

Reagan spun around, seeing Kris's reflection in the mirror, and screamed for help from one of his zombie assistants, a man in green, who was cloistered in a pay toilet (Inmates had been paid a monthly dole in Regulation Golden State Scrip, converted from monies sent to them by married relatives who didn't want their freako-devo-pervo children around; this scrip could be used to work the pay toilets. Reagan had always believed in a pay-as-you-go system of state government.)

Kris hit the booth with a *savate* kick that shattered the door just as the man in green was emerging, the side of his shoe collapsing the man's spleen. Then the agent hurled himself on Reagan, in an attempt to capture him, subdue him, and somehow keep the S.P.I.D.E.R. symbiote within Reagan's head from self-destructing. But the devilishly handsome Reagan abruptly pulled away, and as Kris watched, horrified, he began to shimmer and change shape.

In moments it was not Reagan standing before Kris, but a seven-headed Hydra, breathing from its seven mouths (a) fire, (b) ammonia clouds, (c) dust, (d) broken glass, (e) chlorine gas, (f) mustard gas, (g) a combination of halitosis and rock music.

Three of the heads (c,e, and f) lunged forward on their serpentine necks, and Kris flattened against the toilet wall. His hand darted into his jacket and came out with a ball-point pen. He shook it twice, anticlockwise, and the pen converted into a two-handed sword. Wielding the carver easily, Kris lay about him with vigor, and in a few minutes the seven heads had been severed.

Kris aimed true for the heart of the beast, and ran it through. The great body thumped over on its side, and lay still. It shimmered and changed back into Reagan. Then the black thing scampered out of his ear, erupted, and smeared the floor tiles with soot.

Later, Reagan combed his hair and applied pancake makeup to the glare spots on his nose and cheekbones, and moaned piteously about the really funky things he had done under the stupefying and incredibly evil direction of S.P.I.D.E.R. He swore he didn't know what the letters of the organization's name stood for. Kris was depressed.

Reagan then showed him around the Camarillo plant, explaining that his part of the eight-point plan was to use the great machines on the second and third floors to spread insanity through the atmosphere. They broke up the machines with some difficulty: the weight of the equipment was very hard plastic.

Reagan assured Kris he would work with Hilltop to cover the demise of the second phase of the eight-point plan, and that from this day forward (he raised a hand in the Boy Scout salute) he would be as good as good could be: he would bring about much needed property tax reform, he would stop *nudging* the students at UCLA, he would subscribe to the *LA Free Press*, the *Avatar*, the *East Village Other*, the *Berkeley Barb*, *Horseshit*, *Open City*, and all the other underground newspapers so he could find out what was *really* happening; and within the week he would institute daily classes in folk dancing, soul music and peaceful coercion for members of the various police departments within the state.

He was smiling like a man who has regained that innocence of childhood or nature that he had somehow lost.

IX

JOHNSON: JOHNSON CITY, TEXAS

Kris found him eating mashed potatoes with his hands, sitting apart from the rest of the crowd. He looked like hell. He looked weary. There was half an eaten cow on a spit, turning lazily over charcoal embers. Kris settled down beside him and passed the time of day. He thought Kris was with the party. He belched. Then Kris snapped a finger against his right temple, and dragged his unconscious form into the woods.

When Johnson came around, he knew it was all over. The S.P.I.D.E.R. symbiote scuttled, erupted, smeared on the dead leaves—it was now the middle of October—and Johnson said he had to hurry off to stop the war. Kris didn't know which war he was referring to, but it sounded like a fine idea.

"Tell me," said Kris earnestly, "does S.P.I.D.E.R. mean

Secret
Prayers
Involved in
Demolishing
Everything
Right-minded

or is it something even more obscure?"

Johnson spread his hands. He didn't know.

Johnson told him his part of the eight-point plan was fomenting war. And butchering babies. But now that was all over. He would recall the troops He would let all the dissenters out of prison. He would retol for peace. He would send gram to needy nations. He would take elocution lessons. Kris shrugged and moved on.

X

HUMPHREY & NIXON: WASHINGTON, D.C.

It was a week after the election. One of them was president. It didn't matter. The other one was shilling for the opposition, and between them they'd divided the country down the middle. Nixon was trying to get a good shave, and Humphrey was trying to learn to wear contact lenses that would make his eyes look bigger.

"You know, Dick, the trouble is, basically, I got funny little eyes, like a bird, y'know?"

Nixon turned from the mirror on the office wall and said, "You should complain. I've got five o'clock shadow and it's only three-thirty. Hey, who's that?"

Humphrey turned in the easy chair and saw Kris.

"Goodbye, S.P.I.D.E.R.," Kris said, and fired sleep darts at each of them.

Before the darts could hit, the black things scuttled, erupted, and smeared. "Damn!" Kris said, and left the office without waiting for Nixon and Humphrey to regain consciousness. It would be a week or two before that happened, in any case. The Amorer wasn't yet on target when it came to gauging how long people stayed under with these darts. Kris left because he knew their parts of the eight-point plan were to confuse issues, to sow confusion and dissension in the atmosphere. Johnson had told him that much. Now they would become sweet fellas, and the president would play like he had a watchbird watching him, saying no-no.

Christmas was fast a-coming. Kris was homesick

XI

S.P.I.D.E.R. tried to kill Kris in Memphis, Detroit, Cleveland, Great Falls, and Los Angeles. They missed.

XII

MADDOX: ATLANTA, GEORGIA

It was too ugly to describe. It was the only S.P.I.D.E.R. pawn that Kris had to kill. With a little gold ax handle: a souvenir of Maddox's famous restaurant. Kris destroyed the nigger-hating machine, Maddox's part in the eight-point plan, and ate fried chicken all the way to Montgomery, Alabama.

XIII

WALLACE: MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

The red-suited Santa Claus trudged across the open square in front of the Montgomery state building, clanging his little brass bell. The Santa Claus was fat, jolly, bearded, and possibly the deadliest man in the world.

Kris looked around him as he plowed through the ankle-deep snow. The state buildings were clustered around the perimeter of the circular square, and he had a terrible prickling feeling up and down his spine. It might have been the cumbersome suit with all its equipment, so confining it made him sweat even in the midst of December 24th cold and whiteness. His boots were soaking wet from the snow, his pace measured, as he climbed the State House steps . . . watching.

Everything was closed down for the holidays. All Alabama state facilities. Yet there was movement inside the city. . . last-minute shoppers hurrying to fulfill their quotas as happy consumers . . . children scurrying here and there, seeming to be going somewhere, but probably just caroming. (Kris always smiled when he saw the kids; they were truly the only hope; they had to be protected; not cut off from reality, but simply protected, and the increasing cynicism in the young had begun to disturb him; yet it seemed as though the young activists were fighting against everything S.P.I.D.E.R. stood for, unconsciously, but doing a far better job than their elders.)

A man, hurrying past, down the steps, bundled to the chin in a heavy topcoat, glanced sidewise, squinting, and ignored the outstretched donation cup the Santa Claus proffered. Kris continued on up.

The tracking devices inside the fur-tasseled hat were phasing higher as Kris neared Wallace. It was going to be a problem getting into the building. But then, if it weren't for problems, making it necessary to carry such a surfeit of equipment in the red suit, Santa Claus would be a thin, svelte figure. "Ho ho ho," Kris murmured, expelling puffs of frosty air.

As he reached the first landing of the State House, Kris began the implementation of his plan to gain access. Fingertipping the suit controls in the palm of his right mitten, he directed the high-pressure hoses toward a barred window on the left wing of the State House. Once they had locked in directionally, Kris coded the tubes to run acid and napalm, depressed the firing studs, and watched as the hoses sprayed the window with acid, dissolving bars and glass alike. Then the napalm erupted from the hoses in a burning spray, arcing over the snow and striking the gaping hole in the face of the State House. In moments the front of the State House was burning.

Kris hit the jet-pack and went straight up. When he was hovering at two hundred feet, he cut in the rockets and zoomed over the State House. The rockets died and Kris settled slowly, then cut out the jet-pack. He was on the roof . . . unseen. The fire would keep their attention. At this stage in the eradication of the eight-point plan they would be expecting him, but they wouldn't know it was this formidable an assault force.

The geigers were giving a hot reading from the

North Wing of the State House in Selma, seven-league boots allowed him to leap over in three strides, and he packed plastic charges along the edges of the roof, dumping them with implosion spray so the force of their blast would be directed straight down. Then he set the timer and leaped back to the section of roof where his trackers gave him the strongest Wallace reading. Extending the hooks in his mittens, he cut a circular patch in the roof, then burned it out with acid. It hung in its place. Suddenly, the plastic charges went off on the roof of the North Wing, and under cover of the tumult, he struck! He used the boot spikes to kick in the circular patch he'd cut in the roof. The circular opening had cut through the roofing material; now he used the flamethrower to burn through the several layers of lath and plaster and beaming, till all that stood between him and entrance was the plaster of the ceiling. He withdrew a grenade from the inner pockets of the capacious suit, pulled the pin, released the handle, and dropped it into the hole. There was a sharp, short explosion; and when the plaster dust cleared, he was free to leap down inside the Alabama State House.

Kris jumped, setting the boots for light bounce. He jumped into a readily waiting group of green-suited zombies. "Ho ho ho!" Kris chortled again, opening up with the machine guns. Bodies spun and flopped and caromed off the walls, and seconds later the reception squad was stacked high in its own seepage of blood.

They had barricaded the doors to the room. Kris now had no time for lock picks. He pulled off his red rubber nose and hurled it. The doors exploded outward in a cascading shower of splintered toothpickery. He plunged through the smoke and still-flying wreckage, hit the hallway, turned to follow the ping-pong urgency of his trackers. Wallace was moving. Trying to get away? Maybe.

Hauling out the bolo knife, he dashed forward again. Green-suited zombies came at him from a cross corridor, and he hacked his way through them without pause. A shot spanged off the wall beside his ear and he half-turned, letting a throwing knife drop into his hand from its oiled sheath. The marksman was half-in, half-out of a doorway down the corridor. Kris let the knife slide down his palm, caught it by the tip, and in one quicksilver movement overhanded it. The knife just scored the edge of the doorjamb and buried itself in the zombie's throat. He disappeared inside the room.

The trackers were now indicating a blank wall at the end of a cul-de-sac. Kris came on at it, full out, his suit's body armor locked for ramming. He hit the wall and went right through. Behind the blank face of the cul-de-sac was a stone stairway, leading down into the darkness. Zombies lurked on those stairs. The .30 cal was good enough for them; Kris flobbed down the stairs, firing ahead of him. The zombies peeled away and fell into darkness.

At the bottom he found the underground river, and saw the triangular black blades of shark dorsals.

Still murmuring ho ho ho, Kris dove headfirst into the stygian blackness. The water closed over him, and nothing more could be seen, save the thrashing of sharks.

Less than an hour later, the entire Alabama State House and much of the public square went straight up in a hellfire explosion of such ferocity that windows were knocked out in slat-back houses of po' darkies in Selma.



She was lightly scraping her long painted fingernails down his naked back. He was prone on the bed, occasionally reaching to the nightstand for a pull on the whiskey and water. The livid scars that still pulsed on his back seemed to attract her. She wet her full lips, and her naked, large-nippled breasts heaved as she surveyed his body.

"He fought to the end. The sonofabitch was the only one of the eight who really liked that black thing in his head. Really, genuinely evil. Worst of the bunch; no wonder S.P.I.D.E.R. picked him out to ramrod the eight-point plan." He buried his face in the pillow, as though trying to blot out the memory of what had gone before.

"I waited three and a half months for you to come back," the blond said, tiding her bosom. "The least you could do is tell me where you were!"

He turned over and grabbed her. He pulled her down to him and ran his hands over her lush flesh. She seemed to burn with a special heat. Much, much later, sometime in mid-January, he released her and said, "Baby, it's just too goddam ugly to talk about. All I'll say is that if there had been any chance of saving that Wallace mother from his own meanness, I'd have taken it."

"He was killed?"

"When the underground caverns blew. Sank half the state of Alabama. Funny thing was . . . it sunk mostly Caucasian holdings. All the ghettos are still standing. The new governor—Shabbab X Turner—has declared the entire state a disaster area, and he's got the Black Cross organized to come in and help all the poor white folks who were refugeed by the explosion. That bastard Wallace must have had the entire state wired."

"Sounds dreadful."

"Dreadful? You know what that fink had as his part of the eight-point plan?"

The girl looked at him wide-eyed.

"I'll tell you. It was his job—through the use of tremendously sophisticated equipment—to harden the thought processes of the young, to age them. To set their concepts like concrete. When we exploded all that devil's machinery, suddenly everyone started thinking freely, digging each other, turning to one another and realizing that the world was in a sorry state, and that what they'd been sure of, a moment before, might just possibly be in question. He was literally turning the young into old. And it was causing aging."

"You mean we don't age naturally?"

"Hell no. It was S.P.I.D.E.R.'s that was making us get older and older and fall apart. Now we'll all stay the way we are, reach an age physically of about thirty-six or -seven, and then coast on out for another two or three hundred years. And, oh yeah, no cancer."

"That too?"

Kris nodded.

The blond lay on her back, and Kris traced a pattern on her stomach with his large, scarred hands. "Just one thing," the blond said.

"Yeah, what's that?"

"What was S.P.I.D.E.R.'s eight-point plan all about? I mean, aside from the individual elements of making everyone hate everyone else, what were they trying for?"

Kris shrugged. "That, and what the name S.P.I.D.E.R. means, we may never know. Now that their organization has been broken up. Shame I wouldn't like to know."

And you will know, a voice suddenly said, inside Kris's head. The blond rose up off the bed and withdrew a deadly stinger pistol from beneath the pillow. *Our agents are everywhere*, she said, telepathically.

"You!" Kris ejaculated.

Since the moment you returned, after Christmas. While you were recuperating from your wounds, lying there unconscious, I slipped in—having trailed you from Alabama—that's why you never found evidence that Wallace's symbiote had self-destructed—I slipped in and invaded this poor husk. What made you think you had beaten us, fool? We are everywhere. We came to this planet sixty years ago—check your history; you'll find the exact date. We are here, and here we stay. For the present to wage a terrorist war, but soon—to take everything for ourselves. The eight-point plan was our most ambitious to date.

"Ambitious?" Kris sneered. "Hate, madness, cancer, prejudice, confusion, subservience, smog, corruption, aging . . . what kind of filth are you?"

We are S.P.I.D.E.R., the voice said, while the blond held the needle on him. And once you know what S.P.I.D.E.R. stands for, you will know what our eight-point plan was intended to do to you poor, weak Earthmen.

Watch! the voice was jubilant.

And the S.P.I.D.E.R. symbiote crawled out of her ear and darted for Kris's throat. He reacted instantly, spinning off the bed. The symbiote missed his throat by micromillimeters. Kris hit the wall, shoved off with a bare foot, and dove back onto the bed, scrambling around the blond, grabbing her hand, and directing the needle of the weapon at the symbiote. It scuttled for cover even as the lethal blast seared across the bedsheets. Then Kris grabbed for the deadly nightshade, on the bedstand beside him, and hurled it.

Instantly, all of the underground toy-making complex was awash in darkness.

He felt the blond jerk in his grasp, and he knew that the S.P.I.D.E.R. symbiote had fled back to its one place of safety. Inside her. He had no choice but to kill her. But she threw the needle away, and he was locked there in eternal darkness, on the bed, holding her body as it struggled to free itself; and he was forced by his nakedness to kill her using the one weapon God had given him when he came into the world.

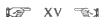
It was a special weapon, and it took almost a week to kill her.

But when it was over, and the darkness had cleared, he lay there thinking. Exhausted, ten pounds lighter, weak as a kitten, and thinking.

Now he knew what S.P.I.D.E.R. meant.

The symbiote was small, black, hairy, and scuttled on many little legs. The eight-point plan was intended to make people feel bad. That simple. It was to make them feel simply crummy. And crummy people kill each other. And people who kill each other leave a world intact enough for S.P.I.D.E.R.

All he had to do was delete the periods.



The time/motion studies came in the next week. They said that the deliveries this past holiday had been the sloppiest on record. Kris and PoPo snuffed the reports and smiled. Well, it would be better next year. No wonder it was so sloppy this year. . . how effective was a Santa Claus who was really an imposter? How effective could Santa Claus be when he was PoPo and CorLo, the one standing on the other's shoulders, wearing a red suit three sizes too big for them? But with Kris laid up from saving the world, they had had no choice.

There were complaints coming in from all over. Even from Hilltop.

"PoPo," Kris said, when the phones refused to cease clanging, "I'm not taking any calls. They want me, they can reach me at Antibes. I'm going off to sleep for three months. They can reach me in April sometime."

He started out of the office just as CorLo ran in, a wild expression on his face. "Geebie gip freezee jim-jim," CorLo said. Kris slumped back into his seat.

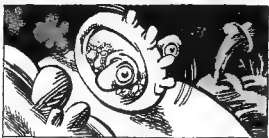
He dropped his head into his hands. Everything went wrong. Dasher had knocked up Vixen. "The shits just won't let you live," Kris murmured, and began crying.

Editor's Note: The astute reader will be quick to notice that Mr. Ellison's story has one small flaw in it. The insidious eight-point plan totally ignores the Republican vice-presidential candidate Mr. Spiro Agnew. Apparently the author forgot him. Apparently the author was not the only one.

WORK AND WIN

BY STEVE STILES
ONE OF ARLINGTON'S
TOP CARTOONISTS!

HE'S LOOKING GOOD;
TRYING TO BREAK
THE OLD RECORD!
EXCELLENT FORM!
...AND HERE HE...



...GOES! WITH LESS THAN
FIVE SECONDS LEFT...



OH! TOO BAD... AND NOW OVER
TO OUR LIVE INTERVIEW! IN
YOUR HAT, AT 9CH H'CYRNE!

THANKS, W'JIZ! AND KLARCH
IN THE BOTTLE! LET ME NOW
INTRODUCE DAVID TAIKO, A
VISITOR FROM THE PLANET
"DIRT." MR. TAIKO IS A MEMBER
OF HIS WORLD'S RULING CLASS,
"REHABILITATION & PROHIBITION."

MR. TAIKO, ISN'T IT
TRUE THAT "DIRT"
CAN ONLY HONESTLY
BE DESCRIBED AS
"A SCUMMY, PEST-
RIDDEN HELLHOLE"?

WELL, I'M NOT WITH
RFP, MR. H'CYRNE! I'M
JUST THE GUY WHO
CLEANS ALL THOSE
TEMPLE BELLS IN
RELIGIOUS PLACES
MIN COLORFUL ARIAN,
SCOTLAND'S WONDERLAND!
HELLO, ETHEL!



...AND WE LIKE TO THINK
OF "DIRT" AS CUTE, AT9CH!
AS A POINT OF PRIDE, WE
ARE ONE OF THE MAJOR
SUPPLIERS OF PARSLEY,
AND PARSLEY-RELATED
PRODUCTS, FOR THIS
SECTOR OF THE GALAXY.

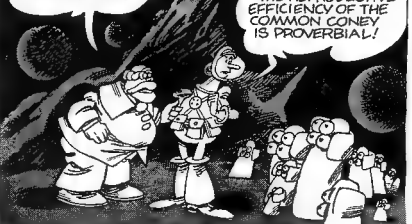
...WE ARE ALSO
RESPONSIBLE FOR
THOSE POPULAR LITTLE
ATOMIZERS FOR THE
MOISTURIZING OF THESE
IMPORTANT VEGETABLES.

OUR GLOBAL
MOTTO IS "AT
LEAST WE HAVE
PARSLEY."



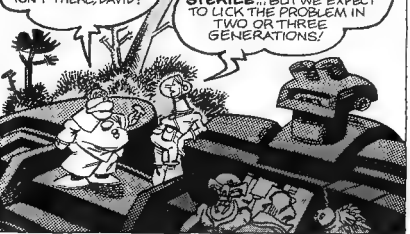
...BUT ISN'T THERE
SOME BAD NEWS
AS WELL, DAVID?

RABBITS, AT9CH!
THE REPRODUCTIVE
EFFICIENCY OF THE
COMMON CONEY IS
PROVERBIAL!



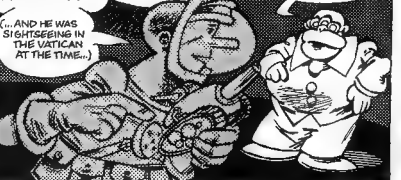
...AND THERE'S
ANOTHER WORRY.
ISN'T THERE, DAVID?

...WELL, YES; EVERY HUMAN
ON OUR PLANET IS NOW
STERILE... BUT WE EXPECT
TO LICK THE PROBLEM IN
TWO OR THREE
GENERATIONS!



...BUT BACK TO RABBITS... WE USED
TO SET THESE LITTLE MOBILE
LASER UNITS AFTER THEM IN
THE PARSLEY FIELDS, UNTIL...
WELL... TWO MONTHS AGO MY
COUSIN BILL HAD HIS KNEE
BLOWN OFF...

AND TO THINK
OF A THING LIKE
YOU HAVING THE
RIGHT TO VOTE!



...AND HE WAS
SIGHTSEEING IN
THE VATICAN
AT THE TIME...

The Story of Rowlf

PART 2

Copyright ©1971, 1979 by Richard V. Corben

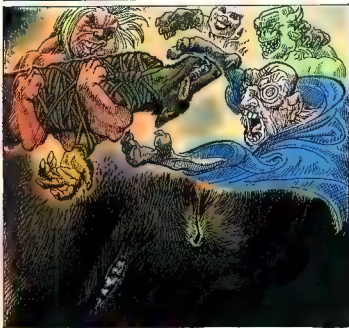
Rowlf collapsed from exhaustion after chasing the kidnapper of his beloved mistress Maryara. He lay unconscious for several hours.

The demon king was many miles ahead then, perhaps defiling Yara at that very moment. The dog creature had run until he had dropped. He lay alone in a prairie wilderness, unexplored by the people of Camis. A huge silently threatening satellite glowed over the scene while a chorus of cackles complained to the intruder.

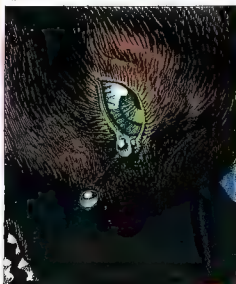
Behind him the castle of Camisland had been destroyed, leveled by the demons' fantastic weapons. There the horde lingered long enough to loot their victims. Unspeakable acts of lewd horror were committed upon the dead.



Plagued by incomprehensible nightmares, Rowlf whined fitfully



Slowly he sensed his surroundings. His mind throbbed painfully with the surge of unaccustomed thoughts.



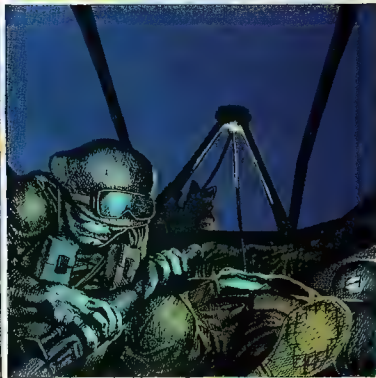
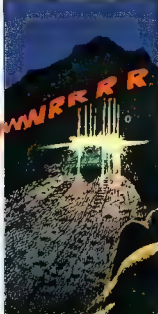
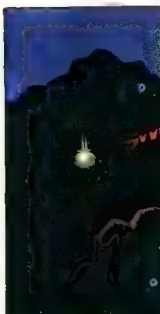
A faint distant rumbling came to him, felt rather than heard, through the ground.



After a few minutes
lights appeared from
the direction of Canisland

Rowlf could see that
they were the demons'
vehicles

and that they would
pass near him

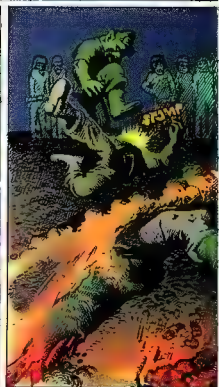


Rowlf studied the driver and the
vehicle's operation; . . . he had a plan.

The leader signaled. The column closed
in and stopped

V. domanta
plumba kapačo





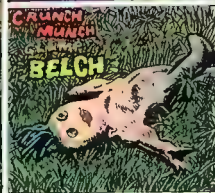
Although astounded by the demons' violence, Rowf was immediately interested in their hand weapons



After proceeding with the inspection, the sergeant in charge dropped the dead tankers weapon in the last tank



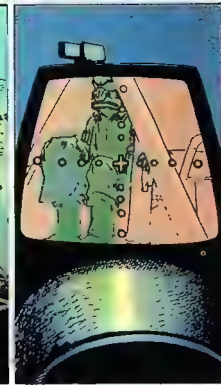
The mechanics continued their repairs as the rest of the platoon went to bed



After a while the maintenance crew retired



leaving a solitary guard awake





Rowlf fired, missed the guard, but unwittingly hit a vital part of the vehicle.

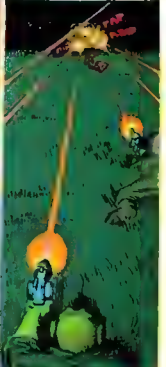
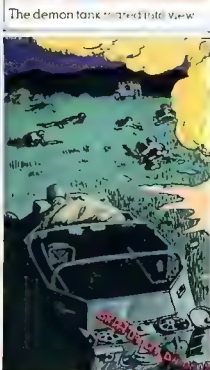
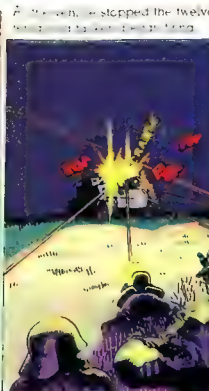
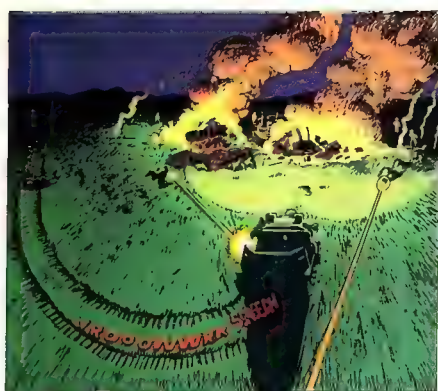


The startled dog jumped into the drivers' seat and switched the power on.



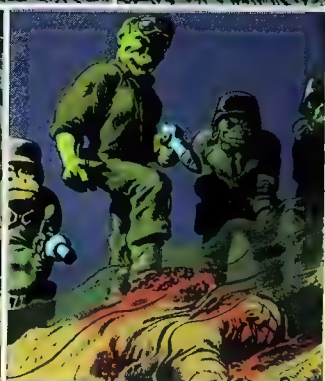
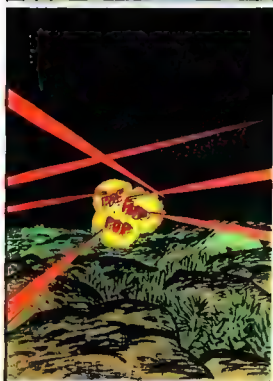
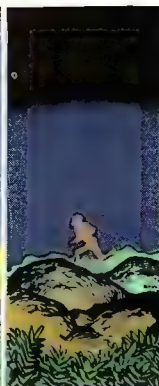
The simplicity of the tank controls saved Rowl's life As he drove through the groggy demons, he finally found the headlight switch.



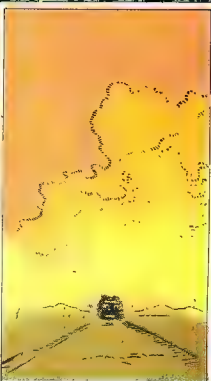
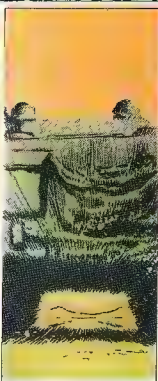
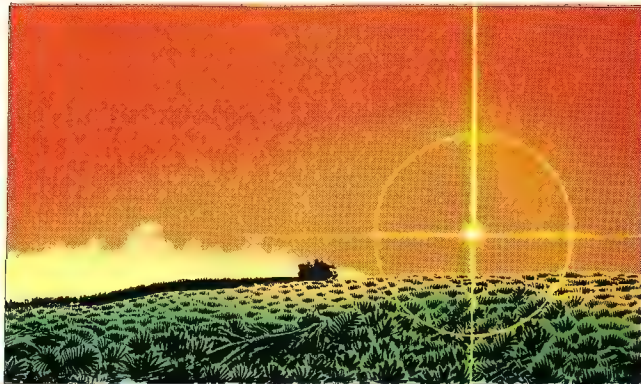


Ne tro rapide! Ni donos
lin la saketa
eksplozilo





After a while the sky became lighter. The rays of dawn found a lone tank rumbling, rattling, and squeeking toward its base. Its tired passengers quivered and bounced at the mercy of the lurching vehicle. The mission had become more difficult than expected . . . the troops deserved a rest. It would be evening before the tank reached the base's outer guard post. Nothing to do all day but wiggle and jiggle in time with the tracks' rumble.



You've got to admit tumbling a defenseless castle is hard work . . . even if you do have modern efficient weapons. Then when you stop for a night's rest, some malcontent stirs up **so much** trouble that

you don't get a bit of sleep! Before you know it, you're back in a tank, roaring across country at top speed. It's enough to change your mind about re-enlisting.



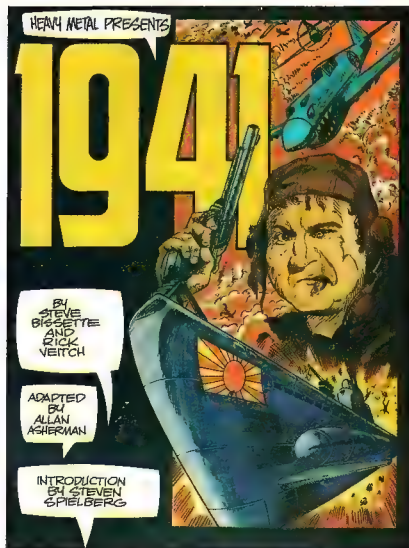
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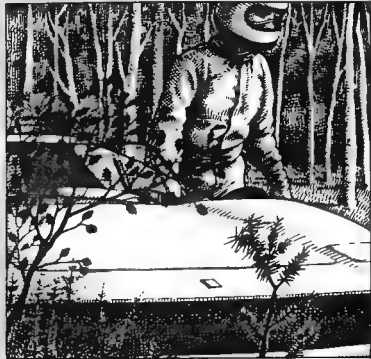
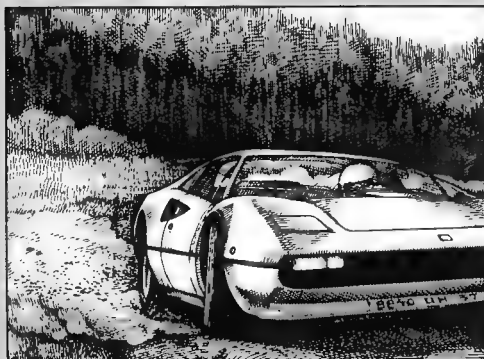
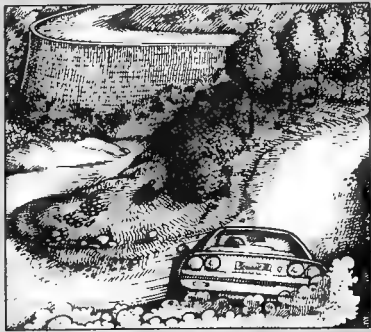
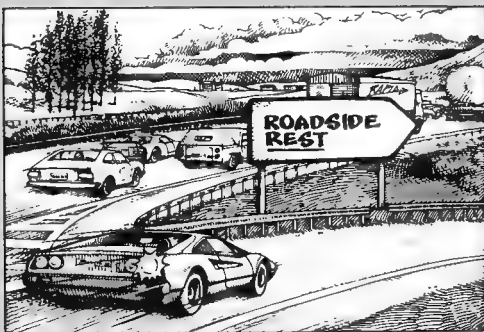
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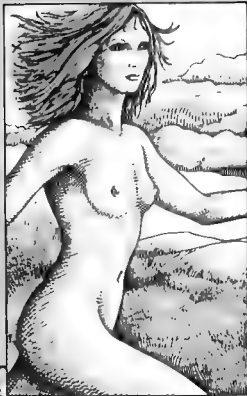
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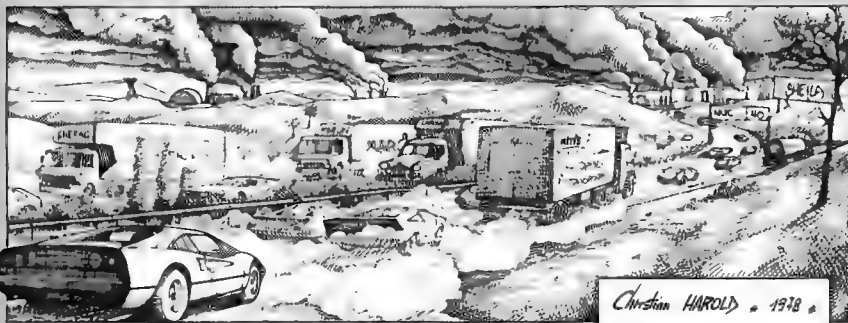
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Christian HAROLD • 1978 •

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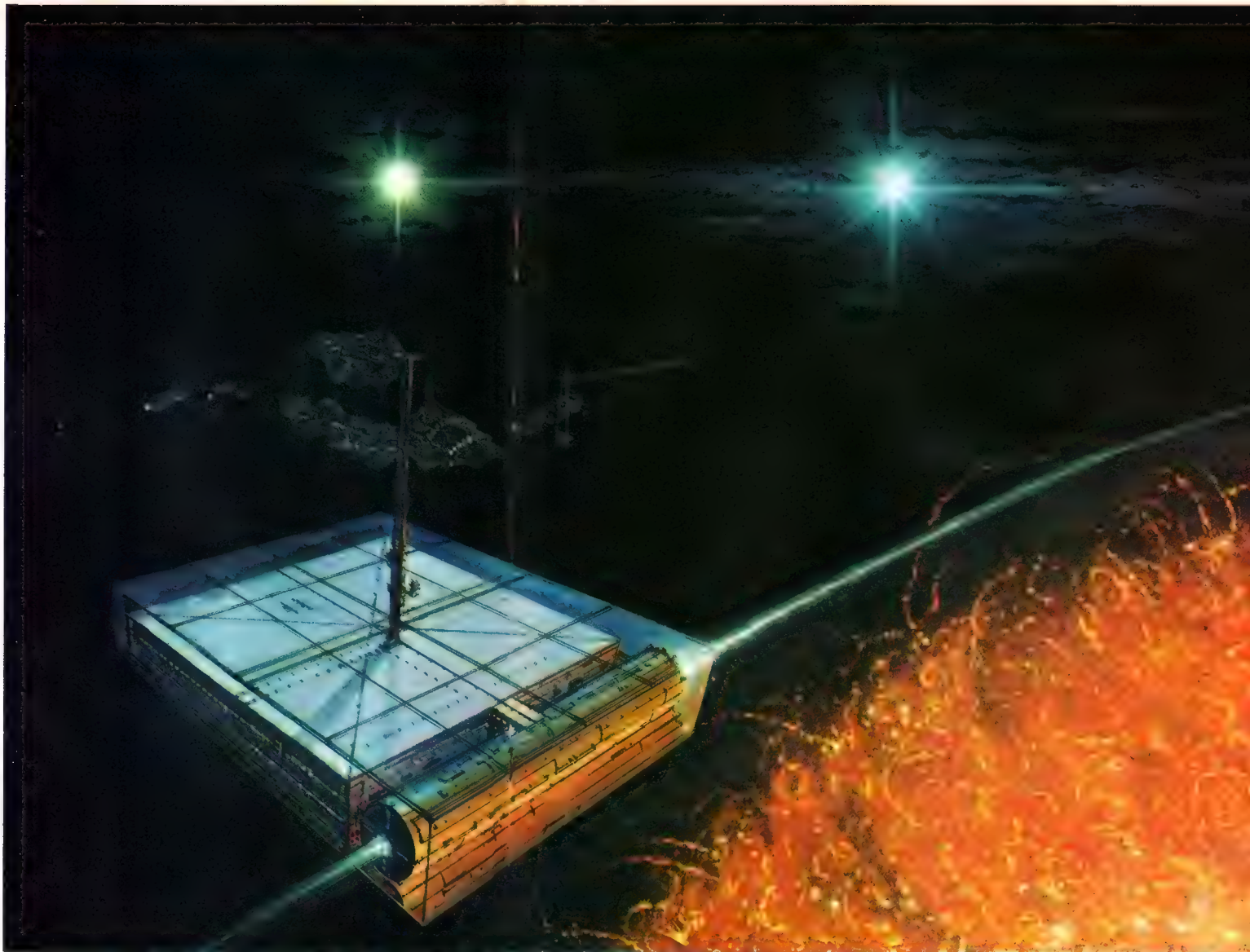
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The *Geographic* is printed in one hundred languages. Among them, the two most prominent are English and Tsatseil. Rarely seen by humans, the Noron *Geographic* is similar to Chinese except that the characters are linear code. The article reads down from left to right, while the title reads across from the right. It reads: "Fed. Lab Sees Our Tri-star to Know Gravity." Using Noron and Federation symbols, the article describes the work of *Grav-lab's* visit to a triple star in the Noron sector to test the Matter Displacement theory of gravity. The subject is of keen interest to the Norons, who developed the concept concurrently with humans. The theory describes matter as "nothing" and space as "something." It is the first theory to describe the physics of the universe while agreeing with the philosophical concept of reality being an "idea," like a bubble, floating in a substance of mean density. Gravity is, then, the force that keeps the bubble from being pushed apart together. That two civilizations developed the concept at the same time makes this article a landmark in *Geographic* history.

Karl B. Kofoed





...It's midnight ... full moon ... at Rembrandt
and Totten ... the mechanical policemen of the
Alternative Era scan the horizon once again ...

Written & painted by Montec ©1979. Design by Montec & C. Greig



geocities.com

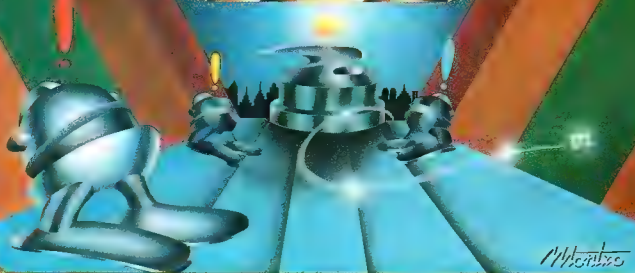
...the speedway between stress and paranoia
is deserted... nobody to ride over its slippery skin...
...downers... Patton rises over the city.....



...Down below
...Formalhaut
...the atomic
lighthouse
...the last
trains the
workers robots
and
some music
???



It's Zosmo
...the crazy
elder from
54th Street
as everynight
playing his
sax in a
magical ritual
fullmoon



Wentz



...his music slides between
the skyscrapers spitting flashbacks:
past times... black leathers... electric
guitars... the immediacy of new feelings...
speed... "Oh my..." mutters
the android Michelin Jr.

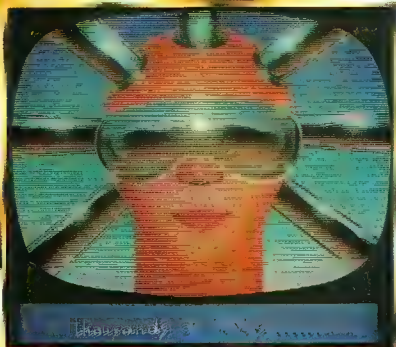
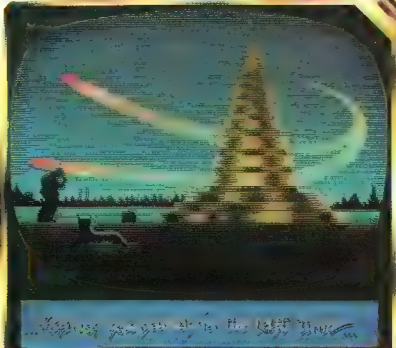
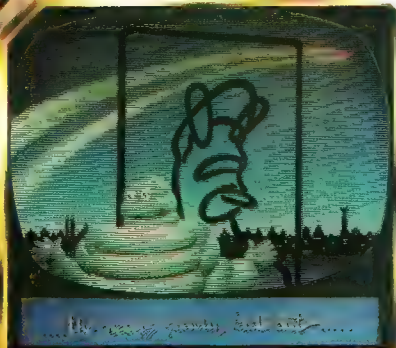




...the old world ... the new world ... the old world ...
... the old world ... the new world ... the old world ...
... the old world ... the new world ... the old world ...
... the old world ... the new world ... the old world ...

...after so long, and you're still wondering...
where are we going? ...Praying in eternal gear...
...singing the same minor...believing in a new chapter...
and finding the same question...where are we going?





However, do you know that the excellent "Stingere" (July 1979) is a revised, updated version of "Black Hood," now appearing in *Archie's Super Hero Comics Digest* magazine? Archie Comics was going to issue a magazine called *The Black Hood*, which was never published. All the stuff meant for *Black Hood* #1 (and some stories meant for *Tales of Sorcery*) ended up in the aforementioned magazine. Morrow's story is first; then there is good stuff by Adams, Kirby, DeFalco, McWilliams, etc. It's Morrow's creation, of course, but does he know what Archie Comics is doing, and is he getting paid for it? Please pass this on to him if you can.

G O Sellman

*Yup, Gray knows all about it—he found out about it the same time we did, when both versions turned up on the stands together. *sigh* —HM.*

Dear Heavy Metal,

For a long time now I thought that *Heavy Metal* was a great magazine, and your September issue was one of the best yet! But come on! . . . Your article . . . "Thirty . . ." was just plain dumb! Whoever gave you the idea that Rock is dead must be living in a whole other world altogether (which might not be so bad). Rock is the greatest. . . That's my opinion, and also, in my opinion, *Disco sucks!*!! Some people like it, and that's all right because that's their opinion, but, *Rock is not dead* and you can bet your Crayola crayons on it!

Cliff Merle
Clearwater, Fla.

Dear HM:

In the September issue of *HM*, the poem, " . . . Thirty . . ." states:
"Brueghel pedestrians block up the streets."

Let's give credit where credit is due. The pedestrians represented in Paul Kirchner's strip "The Bus" are not the creations of Brueghel (Elder or Younger). No, indeed; these gruesome crosswalkers are products of the ingenious and enigmatic imagination of Hieronymus Bosch (whose actual name was Jeroen van Aken). Specifically, these characters were originally portrayed in three of Bosch's paintings: *The Temptations of St. Anthony*, *The Last Judgment*, and *The Garden of Delights*.

I believe an apology is in order; not only to Mr. Bosch, but to his many (?) admirers. Perhaps you should reprint some of his art in a future issue, for the further enlightenment and entertainment of your readers.

R. Thompson
Orlando, Fla

It's nice to know we have such well-informed and sharp-eyed readers out there; Bill Shure of Baltimore also wrote in—with the more customary spelling of Hieronymus Bosch's name—to point out our error. No

apologies, though: Bosch doesn't care, and your vigilance is surely its own reward. . . —HM.

Dear Metal,

Anyone who has grown up with HPL, as I have, can tell you that it's not the overblown style, the fainting protagonists, the dank places, or the interference of witless mortals in the business of the Old Ones that makes Howard Lovecraft so dear, weird, and desirable to us all. It's the horror. The pure, head-twisting completeness of Lovecraftian suspension of disbelief. It's not something one can put a finger on and say, "This makes it." It's a mood, an atmosphere, an aura of terror that seeps out from between the lines. It's also a believability (once you've suspended the irrationality of it all) in nightmares; the nightmares of a cloistered, Aunt-ridden recluse who, like so many fans of fantasy and horror and comics, continually refused to grow up. It's the thing that goes bump in the night, the thing under the bed waiting to grab your ankle the minute you put that foot outside the covers. It's the beast in the closet.

I am, of course, referring to the HPL special issue—the first I've bought in a while—and the first that's made me write an LOC since I stopped treating toilet paper four-colors about war sergeants and paranormals as if they were worthy of eight college credits in Panelology. I picked up *Metal* #31 for two reasons. One: The cover. Probably the best since #2, Moebius's howler. Reason two: Lovecraft himself. The man was stranger than his stories, and L. Sprague de Camp's biography attests to that. There's a third reason, too, and that's worth its own paragraph.

Stephen R. Bissette. Of everything in the October *Metal*, only the contents page frightened me. (The back cover ran a close second.) I mean, really scared the pee from its correct opening. This combination of collage and brush struck between the lines, embodied the feeling of a nightmare, the spirit of what makes HPL an undying name. I was interested in the cover, in the subject matter of the issue, but when I opened to the contents page it was that illustration that made me plunk down my twelve bits.

I do have gripes with the issue on a whole, though. First. Not enough *American* stuff. Quite frankly, the Europeans were good at first, but the current stuff has become a blight of sameness. Not even that well-done anymore. I would much rather see the likes of Potter, George Smith, Bissette, Veitch, Totleben, and Simonson than the slick fanzine style of underground obscurity that's called Clerc, Cornillon, and Margerin. So, to Ted White, the new editor, here's one fan casting a vote: Go more American.

There are, of course, certain of the Europeans that should stay—they are good enough to be self-explanatory and introducing. Moebius, Drullman, and Breccia. A host of others, too. You know them.

Stephen Perry

CHAIN MAIL

Dear Editors,

Boy, I read a lot of comics and SF stuff, but that story "Freeways" in your August 1979 issue was just plain great! The artwork and color, and using a little black kid to counterpoint the message was fantastic! I want to know more about surfers in the future. Do you have any more stories coming out like this?

I also liked "New Ark City." It's nice to see things that are not mostly tits and ass, which for women is tiresome, since we have our own to look at any time.

Joyce Farmer
Laguna Beach, Calif.

Dear HM:

In the first place, I wish to felicitate you on your magazine. I have read it since two years ago, and I think it has very fine quality.

I have found only one defect: the total absence of the Spanish artists (J. Ortiz, E. Maroto, Pepe Gonzalez, L. Garcia, Enric Sio, C. Gimenez, Ops, El Hortalano, etc.), whom I consider some of the best artists in the comic world.

For that reason, I should like to contact the readers of *Heavy Metal* for the purpose of exchanging magazines and publications—to make known to them the work of those artists, and to receive American publications.

Santiago Juan Navarro
C/ Finestrat 33, 18a
Valencia-6, Spain

Dear Editors:

When I first saw your magazine (first issue) on the newsstands, I didn't like the look of it. Later, I found that I had missed an entire treasure trove of great comics literature. So now I buy it on a regular basis, especially for Gray Morrow's good stuff.

PAU PELE PAU MANO

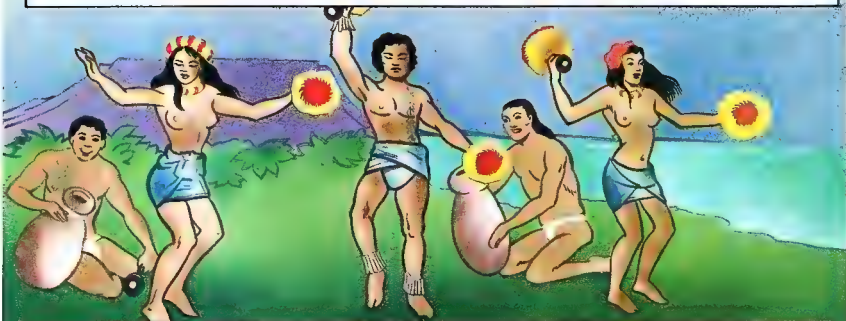
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LETTERING: ORLY

© TRINA '79

"IT IS HERE IN THE PUNA AND KA'U DISTRICTS, CLOSEST TO KILAUEA CRATER, THAT THE PEOPLE, MORE THAN ANYWHERE ELSE ON THE ISLANDS, WORSHIP THIS FIRE GODDESS. IF THEY ARE TO SEE THE TRUE LIGHT OF JEHOVAH AS YOU HAVE, O GREAT CHIEF, THE SPELL OF HEATHENISH IDOLATRY OVER THE PEOPLE MUST BE BROKEN."



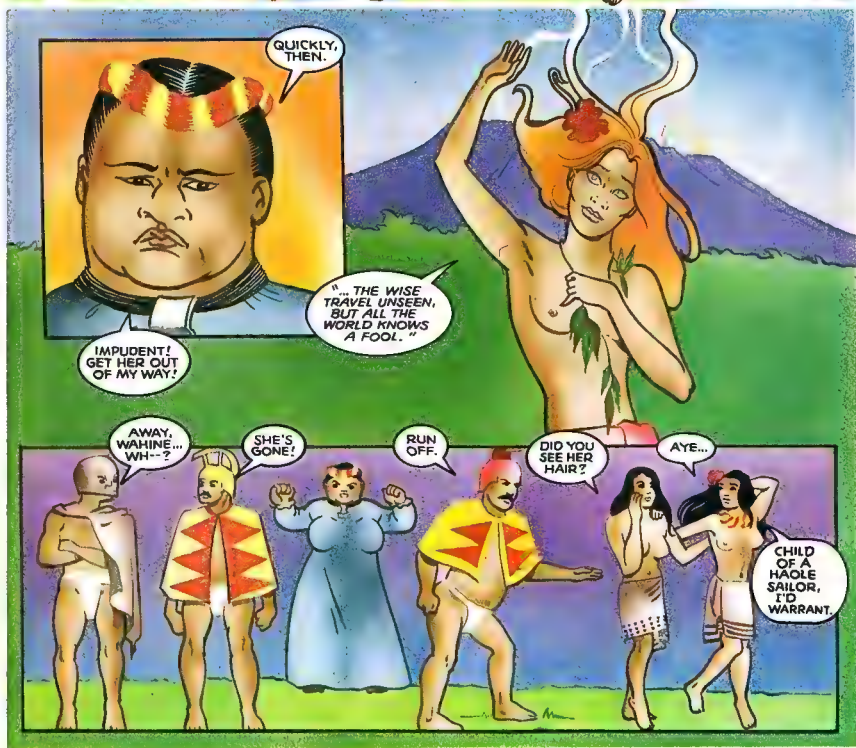
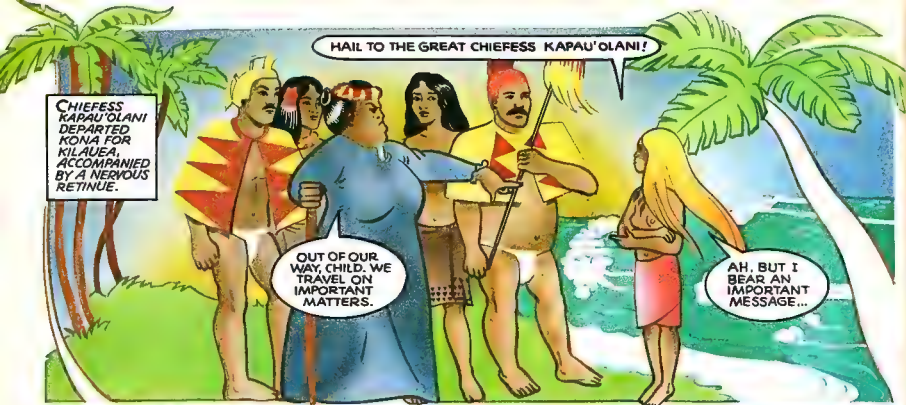
BUT OF COURSE THEY WORSHIP PELE. IT IS DIFFICULT FOR THEM TO IGNORE HER WHEN THEY LIVE AT HER FEET. PELE IS ALL AROUND US.

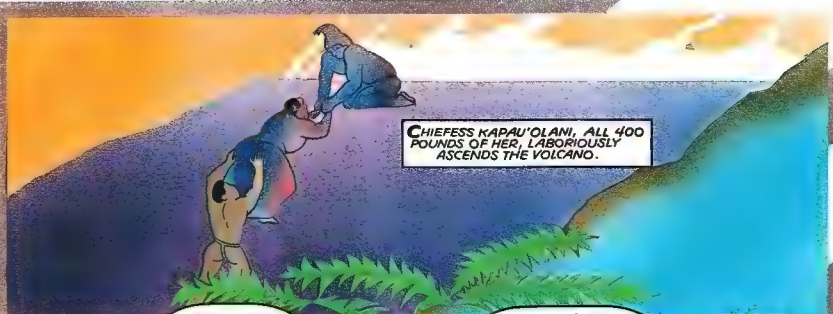
BUT SWEET LEILANI, MY HEAVENLY FLOWER, SUCH A TRIP IS CERTAIN TO BRING DOWN THE WRATH OF PELE!

BAH! IF I AM DESTROYED, YOU MAY ALL BELIEVE IN PELE, BUT IF I AM NOT DESTROYED ALL MUST TURN TO THE TRUE CHRISTIAN GOD.

OLD FOOL! I WILL JOURNEY TO KILAUEA CRATER AND SHOW EVERYONE THAT PELE DOES NOT EXIST!



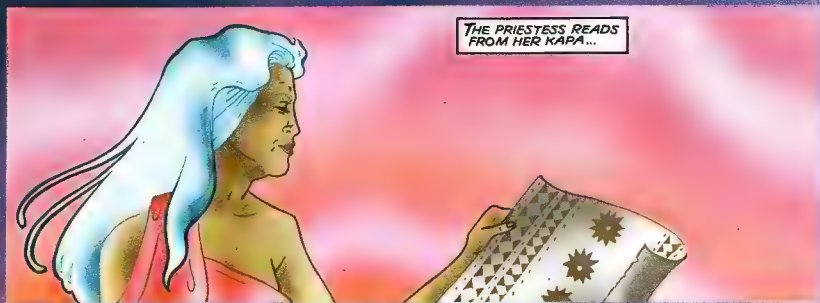




CHIEFESS KAPAU'OLANI, ALL 400 POUNDS OF HER, LABORIOUSLY ASCENDS THE VOLCANO.

WHAT, MORE INTERRUPTIONS? WHO IS THIS IN THE MIST?

MERELY A WEAK OLD WOMAN WITH ONE LAST MESSAGE FROM PELE.



THE PRIESTESS READS FROM HER KAPA...



IT'S L, IT IS PELE
WHO DUG NIMAN DEEP DOWN
TIL IT BURNED,
DUS FIRE-RIT
RED-HEATED BY PELE
ON KAUIA, DUS DEEP
A-RIT,
A FIRE-WELL
FLAME-FBOY BY PELE.
OAHU, I PIERCED
TO THE QUICK,
A CRATER
WHITE-HEATED BY PELE.
IT'S L, IT IS PELE,
I WHO
DUG ON MAUI THE FIRE
TO THE FIRE:
AH-A,
THE CRATER OF A MAUI
RED-GLOWING
WITH PELE-WON FIRE
CLOSE HERE, PERHAPS,
IS YOUR DEATH,
PELE COMES DEVOURING.

ka luahine mae nono o papa enaena pele.





IN 1980, MAUNA LOA ERUPTED, AND AN IMMENSE FLOW OF LAVA THREATENED TO ENGULF THE CITY OF HILO. PRINCESS RUTH KEELIKOLANI JOURNEYED TO THE EDGE OF THE FLOW, WHERE SHE INTONED SACRED CHANTS TO PELE, AND THREW IN GIFTS OF ROAST PORK, RED SCARVES, AND BRANDY. THE LAVA FLOW STOPPED SHORT OF HILO. NOW, THERE WAS A LADY WHO KNEW HOW TO TREAT A GODDESS! (MOST OF THIS IS TRUE.)

"Changed my whole damn life!"

D. Taylor
Boulder, Colorado

You've probably seen a lot of ads lately on doing better with girls. Well, before you decide which book to order, we think you ought to know the following

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS is the original, authentic, world-famous book on the subject with over 400 000 copies in print

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS is the book that was, just turned into the smash-hit movie that was seen by over 25 million people on ABC Television

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS is the book around which Merv Griffin based an entire hour-and-a-half show. It's the book which **HUSTLER MAGAZINE** — after reviewing all the prominent books on the subject — called quite simply "the best"

Famous author Dan Greenburg had this to say about HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS: "HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS inspired me and if you're a man and you read HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS you will probably be able to have dinner with a beautiful lady you just met, even as I did"

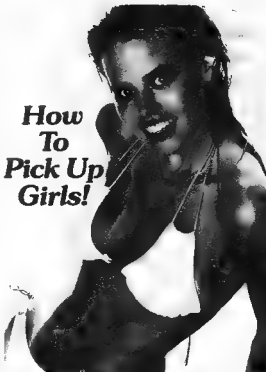
Of course, Dan's not the only one who picked up a girl using our techniques. Here are just a few comments from our scores of satisfied customers

"I'll tell you, I surprised the hell out of myself. By following the guidelines set forth in the book, I not only 'picked up' a girl, but I picked up 2 girls in the same nightclub on the same night! Granted the circumstances were a bit unusual, but I never would have 'picked up' either one of them had I not read your book earlier that day. When I first sent off for the book, I thought the price was a little high. But now I feel that it would be cheap at twice the price"

Richard L. San Bernardino, Calif 92410
"It works. I wasn't even halfway through it and I got a girl! Even my brother — who has taken out every girl in the world — said 'Wow!' when he saw her. She and I are quite close already"

A.W. Deerfield Mass 01342
"Just thought I'd drop you a line to let you know that your book changed my whole damn life. I don't know what kind of accomplishment that is

How To Pick Up Girls!



since I'm only 18 and highly susceptible to change, but just for the record, you did it. I'm not exactly Joe Namath yet, but I'll tell you one thing they're calling me now, if I don't call them

D. Taylor, Colorado

INTERVIEWS WITH 25 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS

Ever since HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS was first published there have been dozens of slick-sounding imitations. One book even goes so far as to promise you girls through hypnosis. What a joke! Science has proven time and again you can't get a girl to do anything she doesn't want to do

No, the real way into a girl's heart is through charm and imagination. And that's precisely why HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS can be such a help. HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS features interviews with twenty-five young, hot, good-looking girls. They tell you, in their very own words, exactly what it takes to pick them up. For example, you will learn

• How to make women horny • How to make shy women work for you • Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking • How to be a big hit in discos and singles bars • Girls' favorite places for getting picked up • Opening lines that never fail to get their attention • An ingenious, foolproof way to meet women at work, at school, on the street • How to use a smile to melt a woman, to make her feel warm and sexual toward you • How to get girls to pick you up • and MUCH, MUCH MORE

GET THE ORIGINAL

You don't want a book that promises you success with girls. You want one that delivers. And year in, year out HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS has helped more men pick up more girls than any other book in the world! Don't be fooled by second-rate imitations. Get the original. The Classic. The one that's been featured on the Johnny Carson Show and the Dr. Joyce Brothers Show

Think of it this way. A book doesn't sell 400,000 copies by accident. Clever ads can take you only so far. After that word of mouth takes over. And with over 400,000 copies in print, men must be saying some pretty good things about HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS. As the young man said in the letter above, **IT CAN CHANGE YOUR WHOLE DAMN LIFE!**

How To Make Love To A Single Girl

Here is a book that can turn you into such an exciting lover women will sense your sexual powers the instant you walk into a room. Over 160 luscious photos show you — step by exciting step — exactly how to turn on today's single girls. In these incredibly frank pictures you'll see an expert lover touching, holding, and seducing an unbelievably sexy-looking woman. Each of the more than 60 chapters tells you exactly what arouses a girl. You'll learn — in their own words! — women's most secret pleasures, the things they love so much from a man they can't resist him. For example, you will discover: • the "magic" place to touch a girl first • **How to make a woman "let herself go"** • The aphrodisiac touch • **The positions girls like best** • How to get a girl out of her clothes • **What's special about a single girl** • How to excite a girl with just words • **How to give a woman multiple orgasms** • And hundreds of other fantastic techniques, most of them illustrated with incredibly exciting photographs!

Most guys think you have to be good looking or rich to attract lots of women. Not true! In just days HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL will turn you into the kind of lover women just can't wait to go to bed with. **We guarantee it!**



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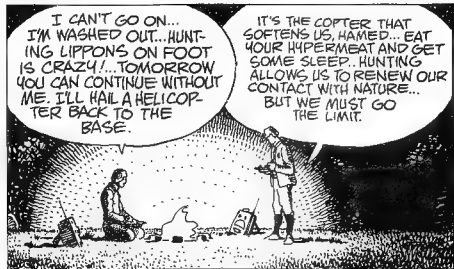
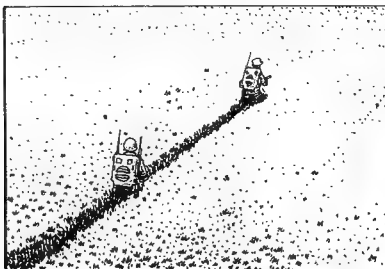
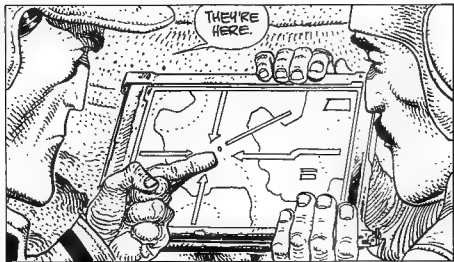
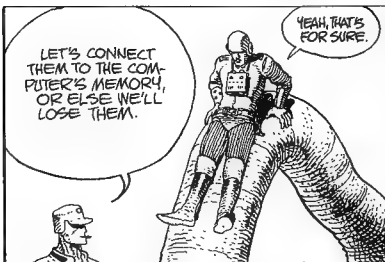
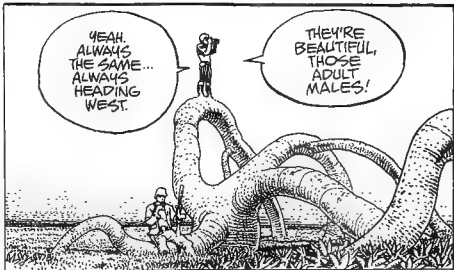
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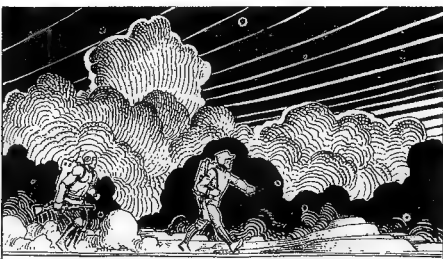
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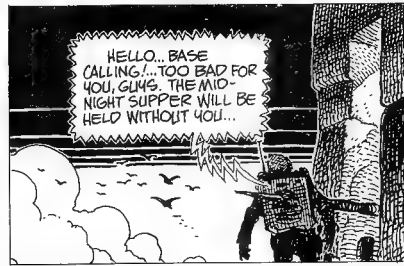
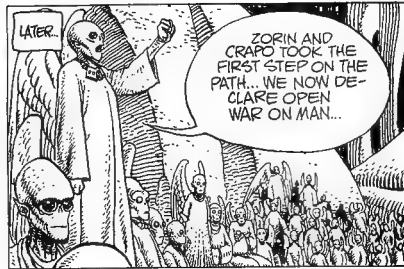
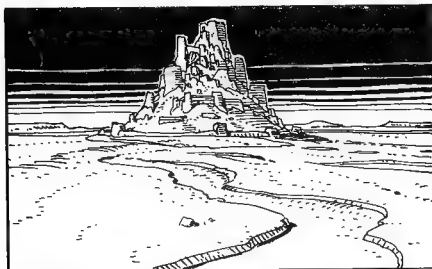
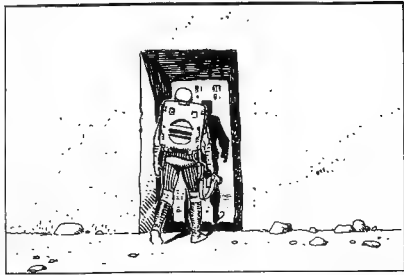
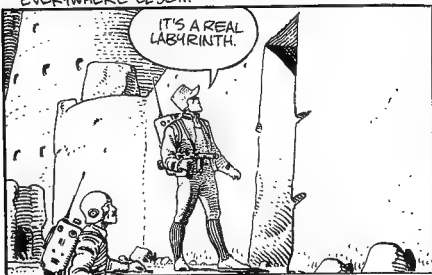
A TALE OF CHRISTMAS

BY MOEBIUS





UNTIL THE DAY WHEN EVERYTHING CHANGES BECAUSE THINGS CHANGE ON BARASCALPOE AS THEY DO EVERYWHERE ELSE...



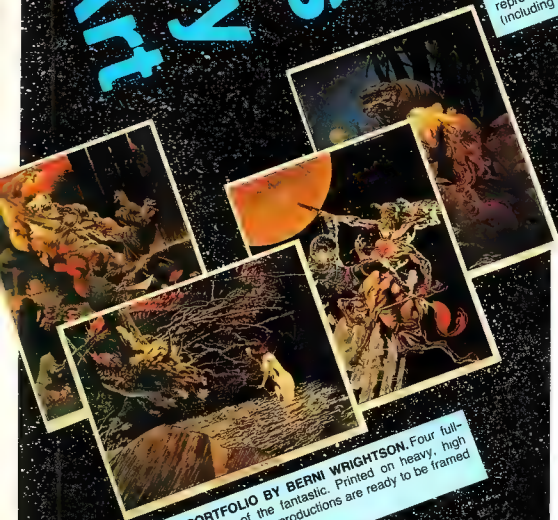
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COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



HM #1 APRIL, 1977: With Spenser, Punks, the first chapter of Corben and Bates, and a short excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzaq and more... (\$5.00)

HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Rapture, the paranoid puppet. Vargo the cosmic madman. Russian astronauts. Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival while Harzaq, Sunspot, and Den continue... (\$4.00)

HM #3/JUNE, 1977: *FearLines Night Images*: poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard, with Australians by Corben. Macedo's Rockabilly: the highly praised Shells, the first chapter of Davis's *World Apart* more Den Sunspot and Harzaq (\$5.00)

HM #4/JULY, 1977: Is a spot for Moebius fans, with 12 pages of Harzaq and his sly spy saga. The Long Tomorrow, a so the end of Sunspot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Sino and the horrible God Queen (\$5.00)

HM #5/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Polonus begins. The Long Tomorrow concludes. World Apart and Den continue. All amidst a wing pants, samurai, puppets, sex, and violence (\$5.00)

HM #6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Galactic Aztecs, cosmic cowboys, hysteria, shrunken chemistry, induced sanity, a Moebius space opera more World Apart, Den and Polonus plus a Roger Zelazny short story (\$5.00)

HM #7/OCTOBER, 1977: Packed with knights ladies, jet pilots, insanity re-incarnation and other harmless pastimes. 10 pages of color Moebius the Airlight Garage Den and Polonus redux, and led on by Theodore Sturgeon (\$5.00)

HM #8/NOVEMBER, 1977: With nine comic pages by Moebius and Rembrandt, the conclusions of both Polonus and World Apart. ex-pugs, intellectual muskies, birth and death stars, and a great new Harzaq in an story. the heaviest *Heavy Metal* yet! (\$5.00)

HM #9/DECEMBER, 1977: This time, went up to 104 pages to bring you, the complete saga of Den's anarchy. Vuz, a chapter from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and Fortune's Folly by Chaykin and more. In addition to full-color contributions from regars Corben, Macedo, Clavours and Moebius (\$5.00)

HM #10/JANUARY, 1978: We got Morrow to, astrate Zelazny, we got Lob and Fichard to update Ulysses, we get Metal calendar girl we concide Conquering Armies, and continued Den. Of course you knew about the Incas, fog lights, and the time warp. (\$5.00)

HM #11/FEBRUARY, 1978: Wherein begin the new adventures of Barbarella, naxed to her enemies and nude to her friends, and of Jim the Fool in his quest for revenge. Wraparound cover and center spread by Nino. A trip to Venus, the Crusader and the Witch and Moebius down the rabbit hole. With the usual uncut, two stars. (\$5.00)

HM #12/MARCH, 1978: In which we learn the ends of witch-hunts and the perils of witchcraft, the problems of mass travel, and the dangers of tech-biking. Plus, the first swastika-chapter of Onor. More Barbarella. More Uim And still more Den. (\$5.00)

HM #13/APRIL, 1978: Big deal first anniversary issue with 30-page insert from Paradise 9 by at concerned. Also, amidst the king must die, death's duel, and the undead, Barbare a gives birth. On and the sexual/cosmic apogee to Den (\$5.00)

HM #14/MAY, 1978: Does an Uim the Mad, ocates El Odrado, goes to pieces on a bicycle, buys a canibus, cook, time-travels, and cerebally tap-dances with Nino. Not to mention Onon and Barbarella (\$5.00)

HM #15/JUNE, 1978: This time, we go too far. For instance, the exotic new Corben, Shahrazad, the neoteric Evolution, the ecstatic. More Than Human the erotic Barbarella and the erratic Time Changes. And an excerpt from Sabre and the origins of Heiman (\$5.00)

HM #16/JULY, 1978: A happy ending to Barbarella, a sad ending to 1990, the resumption of Druitt's Gall, the further adventures of Heiman and Onon. More Than Human comic, and another piece of the Arabian Nights tale from Corben (\$5.00)

HM #17/AUGUST, 1978: Last issue of the On-Season. Gets going again: the On-Season. Gets going again: the On-Season. Gets going again: the On-Season. (\$5.00)

HM #18/SEPTEMBER, 1978: Starting on Sndbad the Sailor, Escor! Queen of the Bubble Women: the Map's fancied, two off-season detectives: Arcane the Warrior, Heiman Onon, and Lone Sane on Gall. Harzaq Elson's sewer full of babies. Plus miscellaneous gags and wheezes (\$5.00)

HM #19/OCTOBER, 1978: All Hallow's breaks, cease with an excerpt from Dawn of the Dead, the puberty rites of oragons, a zombie androcid called Exterminator, Elison's Glass Gobbin, a jurated, and the onset of McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More reprints of heroes Sndbad, Gall and Onon (\$5.00)

HM #20/NOVEMBER, 1978: A full 20-page excerpt from the Chaykin *Digital Empire* while Sndbad's dragon expiates, the Extern rally escapes. Soane makes war, the Mad Man disappears, Gubert arrives too late and Heiman is reborn for the final time. So Beautiful and So

Dangerous. part two and more battle at Mianet. (\$10.00)

HM #21/DECEMBER, 1978: Putting the Easter bunny back into Xmas, and wrapping up Onon and Off-Season with master Taro greet ng cards, wreaths and wa ts, creches, crashes, and a pretty-for-you-a-12-page Moebius murder yarn. (\$5.00)

HM #22/JANUARY, 1979: This one's full of e-shapirts, for some reason. Plus our first Tr na, and a p-rup, and Gae's shoot-em-up finale. Some decapitation, a space arena and the androcid takes over the ship. More McKie and Corben. Whattaya want? (\$5.00)

HM #23/FEBRUARY, 1979: Our February fantasies feature the onset of the tale of the Star crown. We continue with Sndbad and McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More Moebius and Btar. Macedo brings us chapter four of Uim in Metropolis's and, by popular demand, Ga scic Geographic. There's the story of a star-nosed mole and much, much more. (\$5.00)

HM #24/MARCH, 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin's illustrated *Stars My Destination*, for open ers. A park number, around 10 Islamic ties. Star Crown II, and Elson's late show. Also hardware and supervision. (\$5.00)

HM #25/APRIL, 1979: Second birthday bash, with Chayk's great new Gideon Faust tale, an Aken portfolio, Hal Mayken's Time Out, the first chapter of Polonus, fiction by Arthur Cover, ghost ships, robotic miscegenation, and other goodies for you. (\$5.00)

HM #26/MAY, 1979: The almost all-American issue with fifteen stateside entries including part one of the Illustrated Alien, the complete *Enterprise*, a new Gary Morrow, and more of Corben's Sndbad. (Except for Druitt's *Disco and a Prout* gone!) (\$5.00)

HM #27/JUNE, 1979: From the guys who brought you the pompadour, Charles De Gaulle, and fahnel stockings, we proudly present 54 pages of the wild and wacky adventures of *Capitan Future Plus*. The second episode of the Illustrated Alien, McKie's psychic vision of Jack Jagger in the year 2000. Polonus II (not to be confused with *Jaws II* and *Paper Longstocking Meets the Werewolf*), and alas, the final episode of *So Beautiful and So Dangerous* (Wily, we hardly knew ye). (\$5.00)

HM #28/JULY, 1979: Vaughn Bodé's *Zooks* premieres Morrow's *Eight Belles* and Moebius's *Garage*, continue their run, and continues down Corben and Sndbad's *New Tales of the Arabian Nights*. Guest appearances include Neal Adams' *Rears* is Ugly Green Head, and Corben and Courtney's *Night on Bald Mountain*. *Bravo! Bravo!* (\$5.00)

HM #29/AUGUST, 1979: We find ourselves with all these Americans doing weird. European stuff—more dear H Mayken takes the story of how the world came to be one step further. Snyddam's sailors visit a vegged-out house of ill repute, and the space adventures of Morris White come to an end. Plus sky surfing, *Caras New York City*, and ah, a meeting of civilizations as exposed in Kolod's *Galactic Geographic*. (\$5.00)

HM #30/SEPTEMBER, 1979: Goody creatures gallop! Elise Kenneth Smith's dinosaur wonders and Little Red V-3 (the new-style Red Riding Hood). Elie and Buck Rogers make cameo appearances. Out-of-the-world stories by Norman Spinrad and Richard Monac, plus more Montellier and Moebius (\$5.00)

HM #31/OCTOBER, 1979: In celebration of Halloween, a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft: A veritable calcon of ghouls and bugaboos from Moebius, Druitt, Snyddam, and others. Plus hogchiggers, bogies, and villainous ne-er-do-wells. Guaranteed to ruffle men's feathers! (\$5.00)

HM #32/NOVEMBER, 1979: Classic Corben with the newly colored *Rowlf* and vintage Bodé with *Zooks*, colored by his son McKie. Plus Frank Brunner's rummated *Elric*, Howard Chaykin's illustrated *The Stars My Destination*, a *Galactic Geographic*, the latest episodes of *Moebius*, *Artlight Garage*, and Montellier's *Shelter*, and other goodies to be thankful for (\$5.00)

HM #33/DECEMBER, 1979: In celebration of Halloween, a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft: A veritable calcon of ghouls and bugaboos from Moebius, Druitt, Snyddam, and others. Plus hogchiggers, bogies, and villainous ne-er-do-wells. Guaranteed to ruffle men's feathers! (\$5.00)

HM #34/JANUARY, 1980: In celebration of Halloween, a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft: A veritable calcon of ghouls and bugaboos from Moebius, Druitt, Snyddam, and others. Plus hogchiggers, bogies, and villainous ne-er-do-wells. Guaranteed to ruffle men's feathers! (\$5.00)

HM #35/FEBRUARY, 1980: In celebration of Halloween, a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft: A veritable calcon of ghouls and bugaboos from Moebius, Druitt, Snyddam, and others. Plus hogchiggers, bogies, and villainous ne-er-do-wells. Guaranteed to ruffle men's feathers! (\$5.00)

HM #36/MARCH, 1980: In celebration of Halloween, a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft: A veritable calcon of ghouls and bugaboos from Moebius, Druitt, Snyddam, and others. Plus hogchiggers, bogies, and villainous ne-er-do-wells. Guaranteed to ruffle men's feathers! (\$5.00)

HM #37/APRIL, 1980: In celebration of Halloween, a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft: A veritable calcon of ghouls and bugaboos from Moebius, Druitt, Snyddam, and others. Plus hogchiggers, bogies, and villainous ne-er-do-wells. Guaranteed to ruffle men's feathers! (\$5.00)

HM #38/MAY, 1980: In celebration of Halloween, a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft: A veritable calcon of ghouls and bugaboos from Moebius, Druitt, Snyddam, and others. Plus hogchiggers, bogies, and villainous ne-er-do-wells. Guaranteed to ruffle men's feathers! (\$5.00)

HM #39/JUNE, 1980: In celebration of Halloween, a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft: A veritable calcon of ghouls and bugaboos from Moebius, Druitt, Snyddam, and others. Plus hogchiggers, bogies, and villainous ne-er-do-wells. Guaranteed to ruffle men's feathers! (\$5.00)

HM #40/JULY, 1980: In celebration of Halloween, a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft: A veritable calcon of ghouls and bugaboos from Moebius, Druitt, Snyddam, and others. Plus hogchiggers, bogies, and villainous ne-er-do-wells. Guaranteed to ruffle men's feathers! (\$5.00)

HM #41/AUGUST, 1980: In celebration of Halloween, a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft: A veritable calcon of ghouls and bugaboos from Moebius, Druitt, Snyddam, and others. Plus hogchiggers, bogies, and villainous ne-er-do-wells. Guaranteed to ruffle men's feathers! (\$5.00)

HM #42/SEPTEMBER, 1980: In celebration of Halloween, a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft: A veritable calcon of ghouls and bugaboos from Moebius, Druitt, Snyddam, and others. Plus hogchiggers, bogies, and villainous ne-er-do-wells. Guaranteed to ruffle men's feathers! (\$5.00)

HM #43/OCTOBER, 1980: In celebration of Halloween, a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft: A veritable calcon of ghouls and bugaboos from Moebius, Druitt, Snyddam, and others. Plus hogchiggers, bogies, and villainous ne-er-do-wells. Guaranteed to ruffle men's feathers! (\$5.00)

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GNOMES

THE TRUE, INSIDE STORY

For centuries gnomes have maintained an untarnished image among the "big people." Gnomes have been regarded as crusty but good-hearted—little folk of ageless wisdom, who will stop at nothing to help a baby robin regain its nest, and can often be found mending broken buttercups.

However, gnomes have their less-publicized, darker sides; for not all gnomes have enjoyed living cute lives among woodland creatures, caring for the ill, and suchlike. Now, *Heavy Metal* dares to rip aside the cloak of silence that has covered gnomish misdeeds. The skeleton—among other things—is out of the closet at last!



THE HOBO-GNOMES

The advent of modern society displaced many gnomes from their traditional roles and left them footloose and untrained for any useful occupation. Living all but unnoticed in the municipal

garbage dumps of many modern cities and towns, these, the dregs of gnomedom, find little indeed to amuse themselves and often live wasted lives deep in the degradation of abject poverty. Outcasts among their own kind, theirs is a bleak existence, little noticed and uncared for by even their neighbors, the rats, with whom they compete for their lowly niche.

BY LUCK AND FLAW



THE GNOMO-SEXUALS

Spoken of only in whispers, the gnomosexuals have gained nearly complete control of gnomish arts, maintaining that their lavender sensibilities are best suited to the delicate nuances of clothing design, interior decoration, music, drama, and—yes—the publication of books about gnomes. Here we see Niet and Piet Gnome, who have gained for themselves an inconspicuous but highly placed position in the publishing industry.



THE CARCI-GNOMES

Hated even by other gnomes, the Carci-gnomes are degenerate gnomes whose bodies have been wracked by modern environmental pollutants and whose minds have deteriorated from pain and the consumption of toadstools. Perverse in their pleasures, Carci-gnomes enjoy the slow and painful deaths brought about in big people by wasting disease, and can be found celebrating their arcane rites between the nurses' rounds, late at night in hospitals. Because they are shunned by right-thinking gnomes, the Carci-gnomes live empty lives, being forced to consume the hallucinogenic toadstools that in turn propel them deeper into their degeneracy.

THE KU KLUX GNOMES

Embittered, some gnomes living in the American South have changed the spelling of the word *gnome* to *knome*—which, not unsurprisingly, they still pronounce in the same way. Because they found themselves underfoot among the big people, they took to increasing their stature to near-human height by the simple expedient of standing upon each other's shoulders and draping a sheet over themselves in order to masquerade as "big." Originally they called this maneuver "KKK"—or "Knome, Knome, Knome"—but as time went on, the practice spread to big people who themselves wore similar sheets and adopted the KKK name, adapting it to their own purposes. Such were the knomes' bitterness toward big people that many used the KKK guise to spread mischief and hatred among humans.



WHY GNOMES WEAR HATS

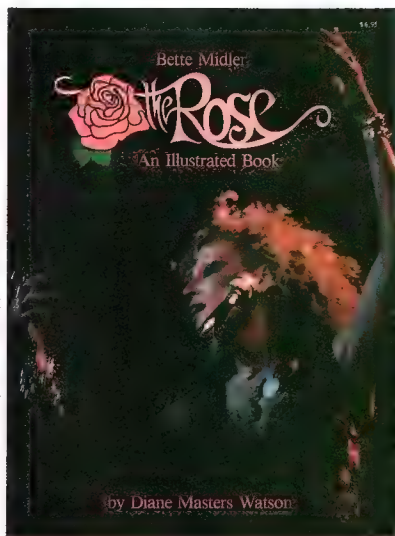
Here, for the first time, actual photographic evidence makes clear what before could only be speculated upon. Gnomes make use of the unique shape of their heads in many ways, not the least of which can be found in their mating rituals... but here we must draw the curtain of privacy.





The Star...The Woman...The Torment

A 9-by-12 book with 150 photographs — 40 in full color.
From the Twentieth Century-Fox film opening in November
starring Bette Midler, Alan Bates, and Fredric Forrester.



The time, 1969, the height of the hippie era. Out of all the turmoil, "The Rose" is making her mark in the world as the queen of Rock and Roll; her music symbolizes the time. But something is missing from her life. She isn't satisfied with sex, and booze only deadens the pain for a while. She is at the pinnacle of her career, dressed

in trash flash, a child in a woman's body, looking for acceptance, security, and love.

When you get to know The Rose, you'll feel her pain, know her loneliness, and want to wrap her up in the protective cocoon of your heart. You'll get a firsthand look at what it's like at the top from a lady who's there and comes crashing down.

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Send me _____ copies of *The Rose*
at \$6.95 each.

Please add 75¢ per order for postage and handling in the US, \$1.00 for shipments anywhere else in the world. New York residents, please add 8% sales tax.

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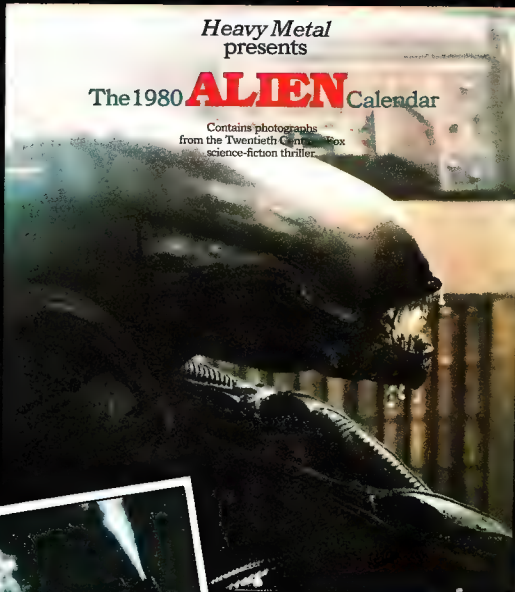
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A word of warning...

Heavy Metal
presents

The 1980 **ALIEN** Calendar

Contains photographs
from the Twentieth Century-Fox
science-fiction thriller.



Thirteen never-before-seen color photographs from the hit movie *Alien* to tingle the imagination every month of 1980.

January

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12



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December 24 th,
11:55 P.M.

MERRY CHRISTMAS,
BUDDY!

GOOD GOD! YOU'RE TELLING
ME THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE
DOING ON SHAULLA WHILE THE
NONCOMM OFFICERS ARE
SLIDING SOFTLY ON RIGEL?

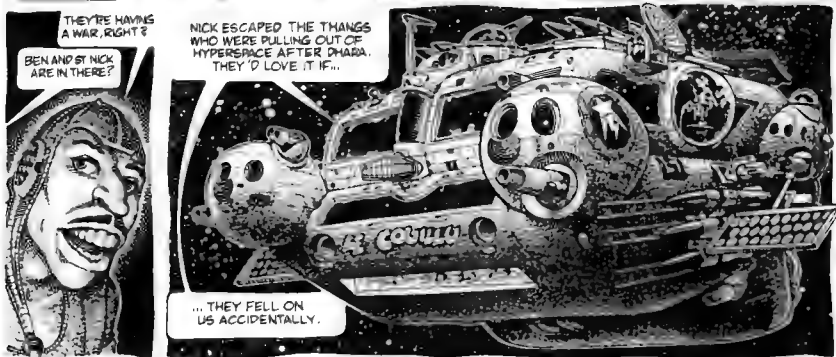


THEY'RE HAVING
A WAR, RIGHT?

BEN AND ST NICK
ARE IN THERE?

NICK ESCAPED THE THINGS
WHO WERE PULLING OUT OF
HYPERSPACE AFTER DHARA.
THEY'D LOVE IT IF...

... THEY FELL ON
US ACCIDENTALLY.



FOR THAT THEY'D
HAVE TO FIND US

SLAM!

HEY??



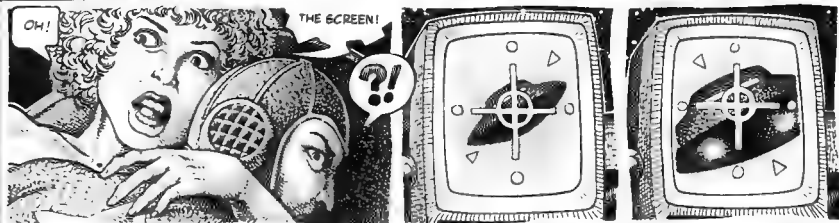


MEANWHILE, IN THE CONTROL ROOM...



ON EARTH I HAVE A WIFE AND TWO KIDS. I DON'T BLAME MYSELF, BUT I HAVEN'T SPENT CHRISTMAS WITH THEM IN EIGHT YEARS.

DON'T WORRY, YOU WERE WONDERFUL!



OH!

THE SCREEN!

?!



SCENARIO AND
DIALOGUE BY COLONEL
BANKOWSKI, DIRECTOR
OF THE STRATEGIC CENTER



DRAWN BY MAJOR
VOSE, INSTRUCTOR OF
ELEMENTARY DISCIPLINE

Lost Lands, Mythical Kingdoms, and Unknown Worlds

by Val Warren

This book is for those who are growing old without growing up...who have a lingering taste for the unexpected and exotic....It is an excursion into the realm of cinematic fantasy... through wondrous worlds of fairies and monsters, jungle lords and star lords, shadow lands and golden kingdoms...a trip to the fabulous and imaginary universe called *the movies*.



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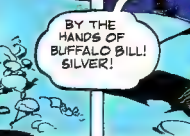
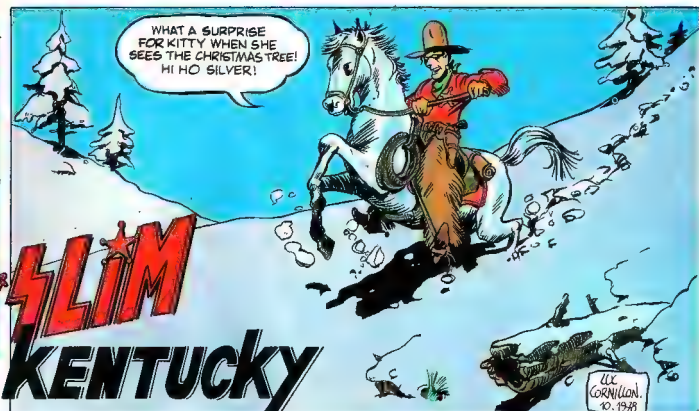
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SLIM GETS READY FOR
A LONG NIGHT.

HI HO
SILVER!

SLIM WALKS FOR SEVERAL HOURS WHEN ...

WHAT'S
THAT LIGHT?

CURIOUS, HE
RAPIDLY CLIMBS
THE HILL TO
DISCOVER THE
LIGHT SOURCE...
"AN INDIAN
CAMP!" HE
EXCLAIMS TO
HIMSELF, FOR
THIS IS SOME-
THING HE HAD
NEVER SEEN
HERE UNTIL
TONIGHT.

SILVER! IT WAS
THE INDIANS WHO
STOLE HIM!

SLIM PREPARES TO
RECAPTURE HIS LOYAL
HORSE, WHEN A
SHIMMERING IN THE
SKY ATTRACTS HIS
ATTENTION.

CHRISTMAS! HE HAD ALMOST
FORGOTTEN THAT IT WAS
CHRISTMAS EVE! IN ONE
BRIEF INSTANT HE REMEM-
BERED THE CHRISTMAS OF HIS
CHILDHOOD. "NO, YOU CAN'T
KILL ANYONE TONIGHT, EVEN
IF THEY'RE REDSKINS."

JUST THEN A
BRILLIANT IDEA
HITS HIM.

KITTY WILL
FORGIVE ME
FOR NOT BEING
WITH HER TONIGHT.

LUC CORNILLON 78

WHAT IS SLIM DOING
BEHIND THE TREE?



HERE'S THE ANSWER.



FOR THE INDIANS, THIS WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
CHRISTMAS IN THE WORLD. THEIR SIMPLE SAVAGE
SPIRITS KNEW HOW TO SAVOR THE TRUE VALUE
OF THE COMMUNAL JOYS OF CHRISTMAS EVE PEACE.



THAT NIGHT THE
INDIAN CAMP
SLEPT IN CALM
AND JOY.



CAN IT BE?! YOU
SURELY RECOGNIZED
SLIM INGENUOUSLY
DISGUISED AS ST. NICK.



THE NEXT MORNING, SLIM, BET-
TER ACCUSTOMED TO THE EFFECTS
OF ALCOHOL, WOKE UP FIRST. AFTER
STARTING THE FIRE, HE FLED
WITH SILVER. NO ONE GETS
AWAY WITH STEALING SILVER.
AS FOR KITTY, SHE NEVER-
THELESS HAD A GOOD
CHRISTMAS EVE. TEXAS
KID WAS WITH HER.



END

LUC CORNILLON
NOV 1978

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SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS

by Angus McKie

The first existential science fiction comic story—drawn in the exquisite detail McKie perfected in *Spacecraft: 2000 to 2100 A.D.*—traces the adventures and antics of an oddball collection of intergalactic hitchhikers aboard the most stunning space vehicle ever conceived. Humor and high drama combine to create a unique fantasy package, previewed in *Heavy Metal*. McKie's debut in illustrated storytelling! Sixty-four color pages, with a special introduction by *Heavy Metal* Editor Sean Kelly. 8½×11 trade paperback List price: \$6.95.

MORE THAN HUMAN

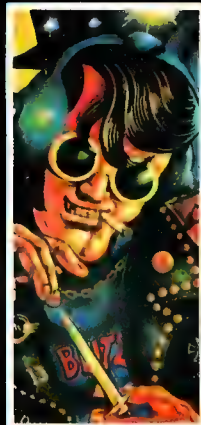
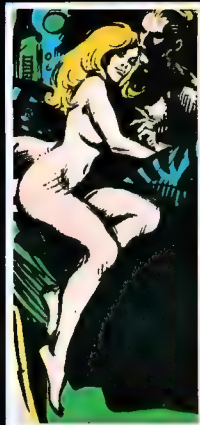
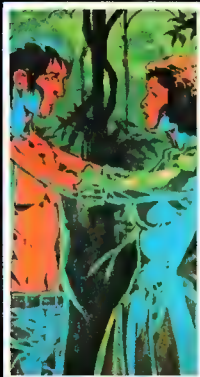
Theodore Sturgeon's science fiction classic, listed among the ten best of novels of all time, presented in a graphic story version by Alex Nino and Doug Moench. It's the extraordinary story of a single superhuman formed by the synthesis of six different and complex personalities. Excerpted in *Heavy Metal*, now available in a special 8½×11 trade paperback edition. Full color throughout. List price: \$8.95.

BARBARELLA THE MOON CHILD

The first and finest of feminine fantasy figures returns to face the most fearful challenges the universe can muster. Action stills from the hit feature film starring Jane Fonda lead into this all-new adventure, drawn in full color by original creator Jean-Claude Forest. Sixty-four huge 12½×9¼ pages. List price: \$6.95.

PSYCHOROCK

Five stories by Sergio Macado that have made him a cult figure wherever people have seen the sky rip open and intergalactic bikers battle android overlords for the favors of goddess-groupies to the sound of punk rock. Sixty-four pages in black and white with a bizarre four-color cover. Large size 11×9. List price: \$3.95.

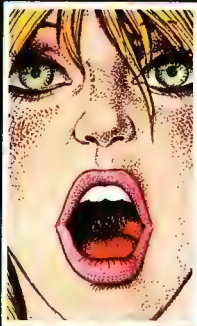


ARZACH

All four of the brilliant, full-color adventures of Moebius's pterodactyl-riding hero, acclaimed as works of genius when they appeared in the first issues of *Heavy Metal* magazine. Plus the amazing, animated story of the man who cracked the Cosmic Egg. Sixty-four pages, including thirty-two of perhaps the most astounding color you will ever see on paper. List price: \$6.95.

**CANDICE AT SEA**

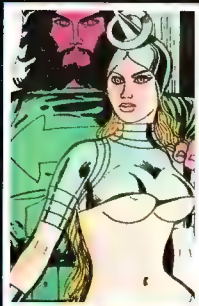
A new comic heroine, in the great tradition of Barbarella, Phoebe Zeitgeist, and Modesty Blaise, Candice, who can't seem to find a thing to wear, is shanghaied, plundered, keelhaunched, and otherwise entertained for sixty-four pages of nautical insanity in perhaps the sexiest black and white ever drawn. Heavy chrome coat cover. 9 x 11. List price: \$3.95.

**CONQUERING ARMIES**

From *Heavy Metal* magazine, the dream epic of fierce horsemen who have never lost a battle and never won a war, who have always come and gone and who will always return. Script by *Metal* Huriant editor Jean-Pierre Dionnet, with magnificently detailed black and white art by the mysterious Gal. Large size 9 1/2 x 13 1/2. List price: \$4.95.

**ULYSSES**

Art and text by Lob and Pichard (who brought you *Candice at Sea*), based on the story by Homer (who brought you the *Iliad*). The brave Ulysses pits his strength and wit against gods with the morals of movie producers and goddesses with the morals of movie starlets as he makes his way home across the universe. Certain to have been a classic. Full color, 9 x 11. List price: \$6.95.

**IS MAN GOOD?**

From *Heavy Metal*'s first year, the collected full color Moebius, including the sixteen-page space-spy saga, "The Long Tomorrow," the beautiful "Ballade," the eerie "Small Universe," and the utterly grotesque title story. This fifty-six-page book includes all the covers, one-pagers, jokes, nightmares, and endpapers done so far by Moebius, *Heavy Metal*'s most acclaimed author-artist. Full-color illustrations throughout. 9 x 11. List price: \$5.95.



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Necronomicon means Death Museum.



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BY CHRISTMAS, THE FOG HAD BEEN SQUATTING OVER LONDON FOR WEEKS, ERODING THE SPIRITS OF THE SEASON. THEN, ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH, THE STORM CAME, BUT HOWEVER THE STORM AND THE FOG AFFECTED THE SPIRITS OF OTHERS, IT DIDN'T MATTER ONE WHIT TO ME, FOR I KNEW CAROL WAS WAITING FOR ME.



SEEKING SHELTER, I ABANDONED THE BROAD AVENUES FOR THE NARROW BACK ALLEYS, WHERE LONDON'S FACADE OF MERCHANT STREETS GIVES WAY TO CRUMBLING WALLS AND SINKING TENEMENTS.



AS I EXPECTED, THEY WERE NOW DESERTED...

...ALMOST...

I WOULD HAVE IGNORED THE INHUMAN WHINE AND THE OUTSTRETCHED HAND BUT... PERHAPS IT WAS THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS THAT MOVED ME. I REFUSED HIS REQUEST FOR SILVER, AND INSTEAD, COURTEOUSLY DEMANDS THAT HE ACCOMPANY ME HOME...



...WHERE HE WOULD RECEIVE A HOT MEAL.

SUNDAY

APPROACHING OUR RESIDENCE, I SAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF CAROL AT THE WINDOW. IT WAS EASY TO SEE THAT SHE WAS EXPECTING ONLY ME.



CAROL, DARLING, I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YE!

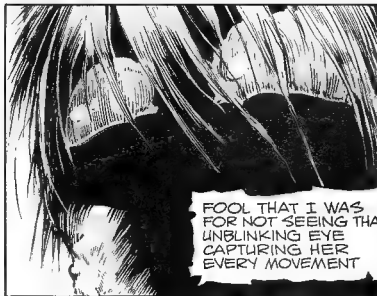
CAROL MET US AT THE DOOR IN A HASTILY DONNED GOWN. IN AN ATTEMPT TO RELIEVE HER OBVIOUS DISAPPROVAL, I CHEERFULLY EXPLAINED THE EVENTS THAT LED TO THE INVITATION OF OUR GUEST.



MY GOD, JAMES, WHATEVER POSSESSED YOU TO INVITE THAT THING INTO OUR HOME?

WELL, I COULDN'T VERY WELL LEAVE HIM IN THE STORM. BESIDES, IT'S CHRISTMAS.

HAD I ONLY NOTICED THE PROFANE STARE THAT RAVAGED CAROL'S BODY.



FOOL THAT I WAS FOR NOT SEEING THAT UNBLINKING EYE CAPTURING HER EVERY MOVEMENT



AFTER DINNER.

YOU WOULD THINK THAT THE GOOD LORD WOULD AT LEAST WATCH OVER HIS OWN SON'S BIRTHDAY. AT LEAST THAT SUCH RAIN! PERHAPS IT WILL LET UP!

BUT IT NEVER DID.



I COULD NOT FIND IT IN MYSELF TO SEND THE CREATURE INTO THE STORM. AND SO...

YE CAN SLEEP ON THE COUCH TILL MORNING.

WE WERE AWAKE WHEN THE RAIN TURNED INTO SNOW, AND AGAIN WHEN NIGHT LIFTED ITS VEIL LIKE A SCULPTOR REVEALING HIS LATEST WORK. LONDON HAD BEEN SILENTLY REMADE. BUT THOUGH PRESENTING ITSELF IN HOLIDAY DRESS, IT STILL EXACTED THE SAME RITUAL FROM ALL BUT THE WEALTHIEST OF ITS POPULATION, AMONG WHOM I WAS NOT ONE.

RELUCTANTLY I FORCED MYSELF OUT OF BED (DISENTANGLING MYSELF FROM CAROL'S ARMS) AND GOT DRESSED FOR WORK.

JUST A FEW MINUTES LATER I WAS OUT THE DOOR. I PREVAILED UPON CAROL TO ALLOW OUR GUEST THE LUXURY OF THE SOFA FOR A FEW MORE HOURS.

GIVE HIM A FEW SHILLINGS WHEN HE WAKES, MY PET. AND THEN SEND HIM ON HIS WAY.

GOOD-BYE

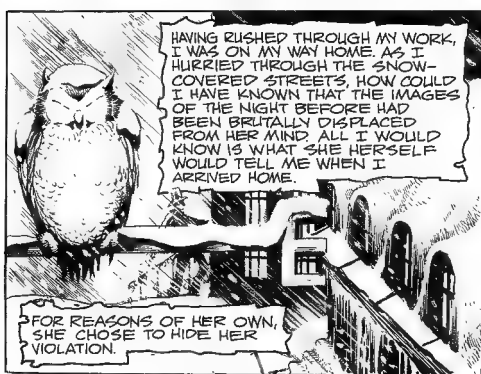
IF ONLY I HAD FORGOTTEN SOMETHING...

OOHHHHH...
KEEP AWAY.

...JUST BY SOME STROKE OF LUCK TO HAVE FORGOTTEN SOME PAPERS, OR PERHAPS POCKET CHANGE...

NO!
PLEASE DON'T!...
OH!

UH...UH...UH...



HAVING RUSHED THROUGH MY WORK, I WAS ON MY WAY HOME. AS I HURRIED THROUGH THE SNOW-COVERED STREETS, HOW COULD I HAVE KNOWN THAT THE IMAGES OF THE NIGHT BEFORE HAD BEEN BRUTALLY DISPLACED FROM HER MIND. ALL I WOULD KNOW IS WHAT SHE HERSELF WOULD TELL ME WHEN I ARRIVED HOME.

FOR REASONS OF HER OWN, SHE CHOSE TO HIDE HER VIOLATION.

I COULD SEE THAT SHE WAS UPSET. BUT I COULD NOT PERCEIVE THE HORRORS THAT HAD TRANSPIRED?



FINE.

HOW WAS YOUR DAY, DEAR?

WELL THEN, SHALL WE SIT BY THE FIRE?



BUT SHE DIDN'T COME. NOR DID THINGS EVER REALLY RETURN TO NORMAL IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED. SHE TOOK TO BROODING IN SILENCE. INSTEAD OF NIGHTS AT HOME, THERE WERE EVENINGS AT THE THEATER. AND IT WAS THERE THAT SHE TOLD ME...

I WENT TO SEE THE DOCTOR AGAIN LAST WEEK.

THE PAINS AGAIN?

YES... I SUPPOSE. BUT THAT'S NOT ALL.

SOMETHING ELSE, TOO?

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A BABY.



MY JOY WAS SOON REPLACED BY APPREHENSION. THE CHILD WAS DUE IN SEPTEMBER...



BUT IN OCTOBER, AFTER TWO MONTHS OF BEDRIDDEN PAIN AND SEVERAL FALSE LABORS, WE WERE STILL WAITING.



NOVEMBER CAME AND WENT.

FINALLY, THE YEAR DREW TO A CLOSE. ON CHRISTMAS EVE, THE DOCTOR ARRIVED IN RESPONSE TO MY URGENT MESSAGE.



BOIL SOME WATER...

...AND GET ME SOME CLEAN TOWELS!...

...AND HURRY!...

I WAITED DOWNSTAIRS, AL-
MOST AFRAID THAT THE
CHILD MIGHT FINALLY BE
BORN... HOPING THAT THIS
PERHAPS WAS ANOTHER
FALSE ALARM. WITH
THESE FEARS, I WAITED.



AT FIRST, I COULD HEAR
CAROL'S SOBS.

BUT THEN ALL FELL
SILENT.

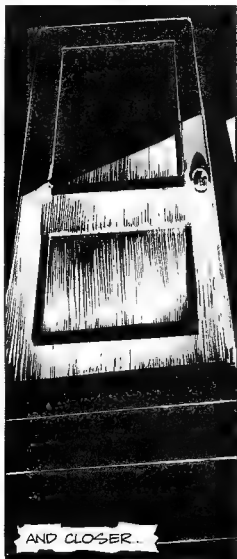


I WAITED FOR THE CRY
OF A NEWBORN CHILD,
BUT MY EXPECTATIONS
WERE BETRAYED AND
MY FEARS NURTURED.

I WALKED TO THE FOOT OF
THE STAIRS TO LISTEN
MORE CLOSELY. STILL
SILENCE...



I WAS HARDLY AWARE OF
CLIMBING THE STAIRS.
INSTEAD, IT WAS THE DOOR
THAT SEEMED TO BE
MOVING CLOSER TO ME.



AND CLOSER.



MY TREMBLING HAND
FUMBLING WITH THE LOCK,
WHICH YIELDED A TINY
CRACK THROUGH WHICH
I EAGERLY PEERED.
IT WAS THEN THAT I
SAW...

THE ROOM ROSE BEFORE ME, THE FLOOR TILTING MADLY, UNTIL I WAS SURE I WOULD FALL BACKWARDS INTO SOME ENDLESS ABYSS THAT YAWNED OPEN BEHIND ME. VIOLATED BEYOND REASON, TRANSPORTED BY HORROR, MY SENSES WERE REELING. WHAT I SAW WOULD HAVE MADE BLINDNESS A BLESSING, INSANITY A SALVATION. BUT IT WAS TOO LATE FOR BLINDNESS OR INSANITY. ONLY DEATH ITSELF COULD HAVE STRUCK THE IMAGE FROM MY BRAIN. SERPENTINE LEECHES, SUMMONED INTO BEING BY THE WRETCHED NIGHTMARES OF SOME BEFOULED AND BEFOULING FIEND, CLUNG TO THE GLISTENING FORM OF MY DEAR EXHAUSTED WIFE. THE HEAT WAS UNBEARABLE. MY CLOTHES STUCK TO ME LIKE SLIME. I WAS NAUSEOUS, UNBALANCED BEFORE ME, TO THE RIGHT, THE DOCTOR LAY IN HIS OWN BLOOD, SILENT AND STILL, HIS EYES STILL OPEN TO THE HORROR OF HIS OWN DEATH.





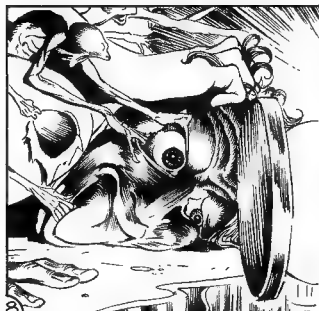
I WANTED TO BEG AND PLEAD, TO ABJECTLY SURRENDER, TO DIE... WHEN SHE SPOKE AGAIN, I SCREAMED





IT WAS WHEN THE FLOOR SLAMMED INTO MY BACK THAT I REALIZED I HAD FALLEN.

TINY FINGERS WITH NAILS LIKE NEEDLES CLAWED AT MY LIPS AND EYELIDS... AND THEN I SAW THE LAMP.



MY ARMS FLAILED WILDLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS. THE LAMP A BURNING BLUDGEON THAT SMASHED AND SCORCHED THE VICIOUS SPAWN. THEY FLED BEFORE MY MINDLESS FURY, BUT I COULD NOT KILL THEM ALL.



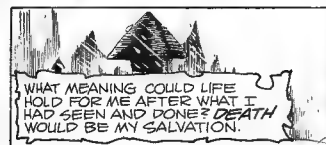
AN INSANE STRENGTH SURGED THROUGH MY LIMBS.



THROUGH THE GAPING WINDOW, THEY ESCAPED INTO THE SNOWY NIGHT.



WHEN IT WAS OVER, CAROL WAS LEFT, HORRIBLY BURNED... AND DEAD.



WHAT MEANING COULD LIFE HOLD FOR ME AFTER WHAT I HAD SEEN AND DONE? DEATH WOULD BE MY SALVATION.



BUT THEN, I REALIZED... THEY WERE FREE! AND AS CAROL'S CHILDREN, THEY WOULD GIVE ME A REASON TO LIVE



THEY WERE FREE, BUT MY LUST FOR VENGEANCE WOULD GROW AND RIPEN WITH THEM. IN THE BIBLE, IT IS SAID THE VOWS OF THE FAITHFUL COULD MAKE THE RULERS OF HELL TREMBLE. BUT ALL THESE VOWS WOULD PALE BEFORE MY OWN.

AND NO DEVIL WOULD EVER HAVE MORE TO FEAR OF RIGHTEOUS FURY THAN THESE SPAWN WOULD HAVE TO FEAR OF MY OWN.

THE END.

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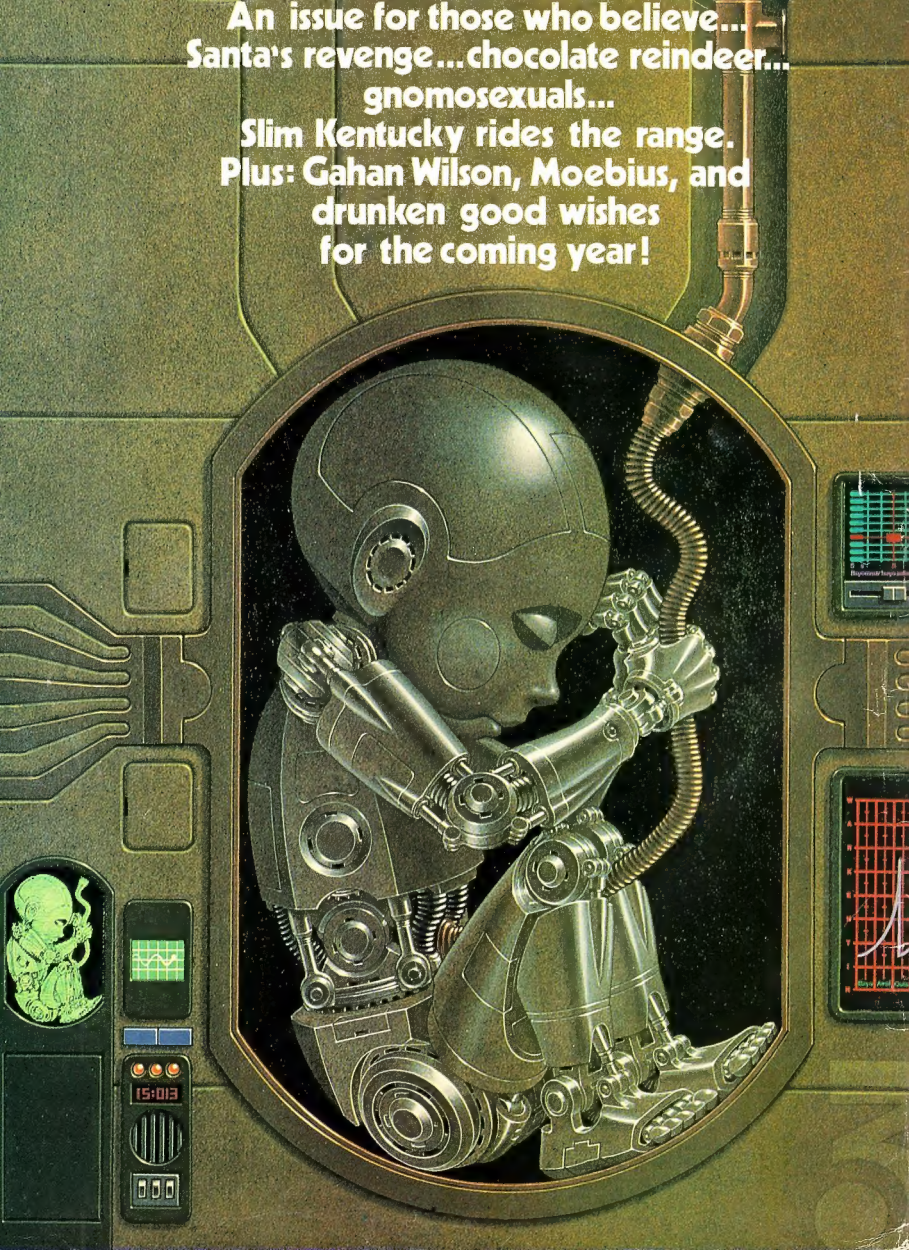
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